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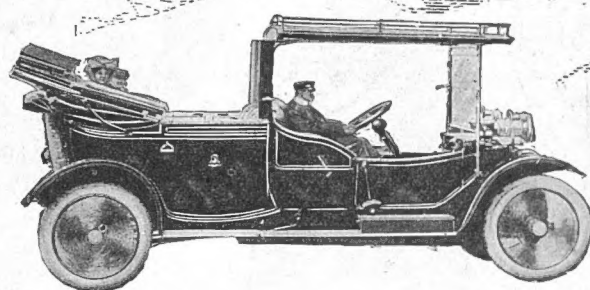
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The Sketch

No. 924.—Vol. LXXII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR ACTRESSES OF THE LIGHTER STAGE: Mlle. GABY DESLYS.

Mlle. Gaby Deslys, who is at present performing at the Apollo Theatre, Vienna, will be remembered in England for her appearances at the Gaiety and at the Alhambra. She has sung also with great success in Paris, in Lisbon, and in various other places on the Continent.

Photograph by Henri Manuel, courteously supplied by the Maison Lewis, of Regent Street, W.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



BRIGHTON.

Chill
October.

There are certain days in the year when it is one's *duty* to write about the weather. It is foolish and weak-minded to shrink from speaking of the weather, just as it is foolish and weak-minded to avoid the topic of the mother-in-law. Mothers-in-law are exceedingly important, and they ought to be discussed. They ought to be discussed, moreover, in a fairly flippant vein. There is no real harm in the mother-in-law so long as she is not allowed to take herself seriously. Every instinct, of course, urges her to take herself seriously. She is absolutely convinced that it is her watchful eye, and her watchful eye alone, which renders it possible for her child to pass unscathed through the troubles and vexations of married life. Sometimes, no doubt, she addresses herself in this way: "You're rather an old fool, my dear. Your daughter is quite capable of taking care of herself. Her husband is a good fellow. Even if he were the veriest rascal living, your daughter would be equal to managing three of his kind. Why don't you let them alone? You're a comic figure, my dear, despite all your admirable resolutions when the engagement was first announced. Do try to mind your own business, and let the young people alone." And she does try. She tries very hard, but Nature is too strong for her. That's all. It is for us to encourage the effort.

Chill
October.

I am quite aware that I wrote "Chill October" at the head of the preceding paragraph. That was because I fully expected to be dealing with the weather before I came to the end of that particular Note. Led away by the all-engrossing mother-in-law topic, however, I have again written "Chill October" in the hope that I shall say something about the weather in this paragraph. A little resolution and the thing is done. Let me explain, then, that I am sitting in my shirt-sleeves before an open window on the Front at Brighton. I can see, without craning my neck, at least a dozen bathing-machines at the water's edge. Motor-boats, crowded with visitors, are skimming to and fro over the smooth water. There are no niggers, thank heaven! and I have bribed the lady with the barrel-organ to take her music to Hove. For the rest, Brighton is in full summer-day swing. It is one's duty, as I said at the outset, to record wonders of this sort for the benefit of generations to come. They are not likely to turn up the records of the Meteorological Office to see what the weather was like in the month of October 1910, but childish fingers may turn the pages of this volume of *The Sketch* some wet Sunday afternoon and light upon the startling fact. "Fancy, mother!" the dear little thing will exclaim, "it was so hot that October that this funny old fellow had to write something about it!"

A New
Genius.

Last night, for the first time in my life, I saw a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The attraction was billed as a "Welcome Return Visit of Charles Harrington's Original Number One Great American Combination." So far as I am concerned, Mr. Harrington's Combination will be welcome whenever it returns; but I should like to ask him why he stops the drama for half an-hour at the most thrilling moment, and allows his "real negroes" to give a rather weak music-hall entertainment. A friend of mine who did not happen to have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was immensely puzzled. When a gentleman balanced a twelve-pound rifle on the tip of his nose, my friend admitted the cleverness of the feat, but he could not understand Mrs. Beecher Stowe's object in introducing that episode into her book. "Is that a powerful argument," he said, "in favour of the liberation of slaves?" I pointed out to him that

Mrs. Beecher Stowe had not written about the rifle at all, but this did not help him. He was honestly doing his best to follow the story. By the way, have you ever seen Miss Annie Watson play Topsy? Have you ever heard of Miss Annie Watson? I must confess that the name was unknown to me until last night, and yet here is an actress with genius, if ever there was one. I advise you to make a note of the name and look out for her.

The "View."

My friend Bart Kennedy informs me that his new penny weekly paper is to be called the *View*. It is not a very arresting title, but that does not matter. Any name is a good one when it has been "made." The more important point about Bart Kennedy's venture is that he is determined to speak of men and women, books, theatres, and all other subjects quite plainly and frankly. From my knowledge of the man, I am sure that he means to live up to his protestations. It will be tremendously interesting to see whether he succeeds. You might imagine that it is the easiest thing in the world for a journalist to tell the truth, the whole truth, and to keep everything that is not the exact truth out of his columns. Try it for yourself, friend the reader, and see. Try it in your private life for a month, and then count your "friends." The truth is the most terrifying weapon given to man to wield against man. More people are put to death for telling the truth than for committing murders. The clever liar may walk into any club in London and find a hearty welcome waiting for him, but the man who has cultivated the habit of telling the truth will clear a room quicker than a mad bull. Bart Kennedy has my very best wishes for the success of his venture. I have shown you that he is something of a hero, and we have need of heroes in our day as in all other days.

A. Field for the
"View."

If there is one field in which there is room for more truth-telling it is the theatrical field. I do not say for a single second that there are no candid critics among theatrical critics, but why in the world are they not all candid? What earthly purpose can be served by this sort of thing?

THE MOUSE RAN UP THE CLOCK.

By the Author.

(Produced last Saturday.)

"The success of the play was never for a moment in doubt."

—DAILY ROUND.

"Will fill the Taxi Theatre for many a month to come."

—DAILY BREAD.

"Fairly launched on the sea of overwhelming success."

—DAILY SMILE.

"It will be long ere Mr. Pompey need look for another play."

—DAILY GUN.

"'Foul House' will be the order of the day for a year or so."

—DAILY PROPHECY.

LAST FIVE NIGHTS.

And yet we all know that advertisement by heart.

A Simple Way
Out.

"Taxi-Driver" writes as follows to one of my daily papers: "I shall be grateful if you will allow me to protest against the nuisance of the taxicab hanger-on. When we are hired our passenger is pestered by the attentions of these parasites, and is sometimes relieved of portable articles. At every stopping-place there seems to be a horde of them waiting for their victims." The remedy lies with the customer. There will be no further need for these "pests" if, when you take a taxi, you will kindly start the engine yourself, friend the reader.

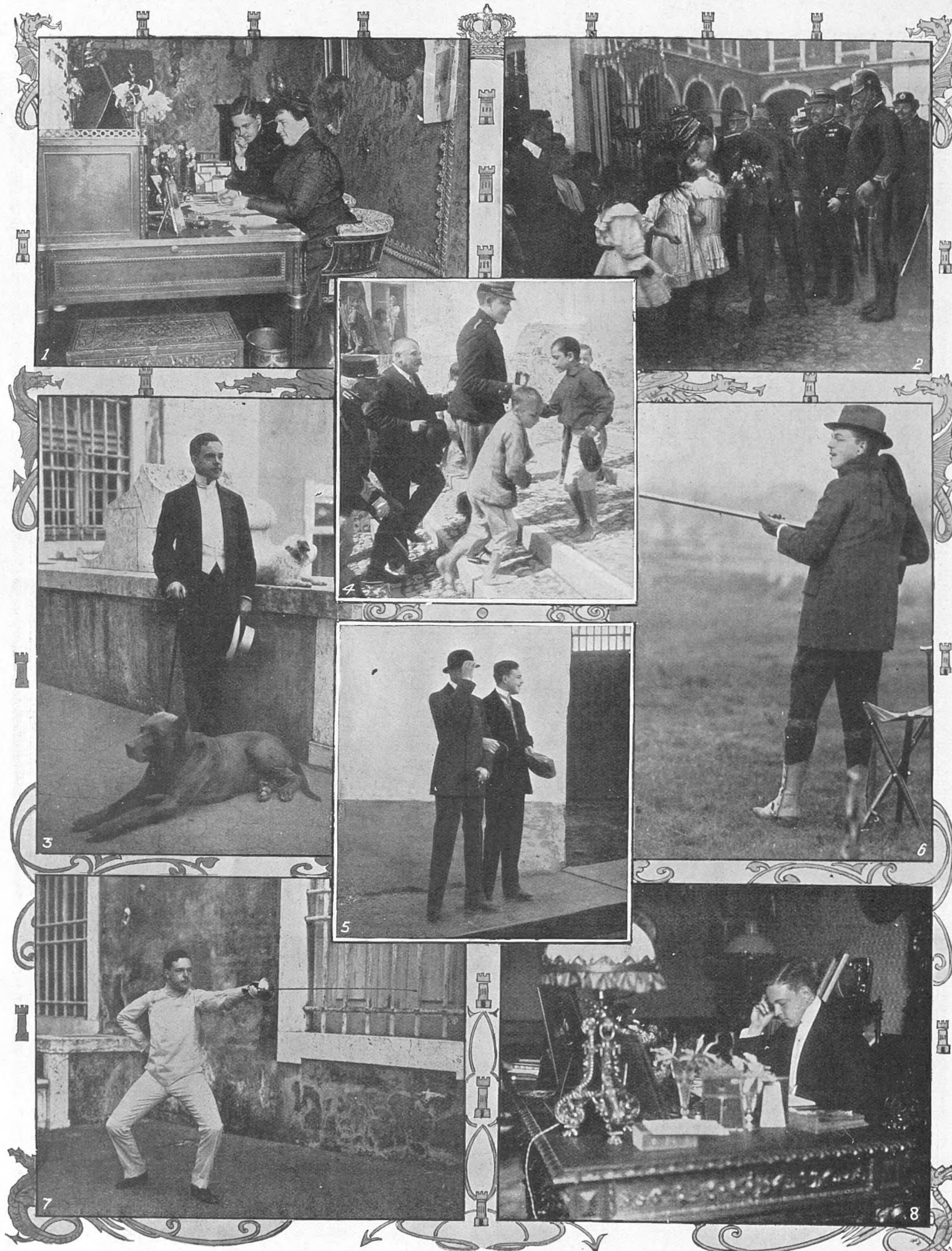
THE £240 GOLF TOURNAMENT: SKETCHES BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



THE GREAT TOURNAMENT AT SUNNINGDALE: J. G. SHERLOCK, OF STOKE POGES, THE WINNER; PLAYERS; AND OTHER PEOPLE.

In the final for the £240 Golf Tournament at Sunningdale, J. G. Sherlock, of Stoke Poges, beat George Duncan, of Hanger Hill, by 8 up and 6 to play. In the semi-finals, Sherlock beat E. Bannister by 4 and 3; and Duncan beat C. Hughes at the nineteenth hole.

WILL HE FIND A HOME IN ENGLAND? THE DETHRONED KING. MANOEL II. IN THE DAYS OF HIS BRIEF KINGSHIP.



1. WITH HIS MOTHER AS TEACHER: MANOEL II. AT WORK.

2. ACKNOWLEDGING THE PRESENTATION OF A BOUQUET: MANOEL II. KISSING THREE LITTLE GIRLS.

3. WITH HIS FAVOURITE DOGS: MANOEL II. IN PRIVATE DRESS.

4. AMONGST HIS HUMBLER SUBJECTS: MANOEL II. GREETING SOME SMALL BOYS.

5. AS MUCH A MISFIT AS THE REPUBLICANS WOULD HAVE HAD THE DETHRONED KING'S CROWN TO BE: ALFONSO XIII. TRIES ON MANOEL II.'S BOWLER.

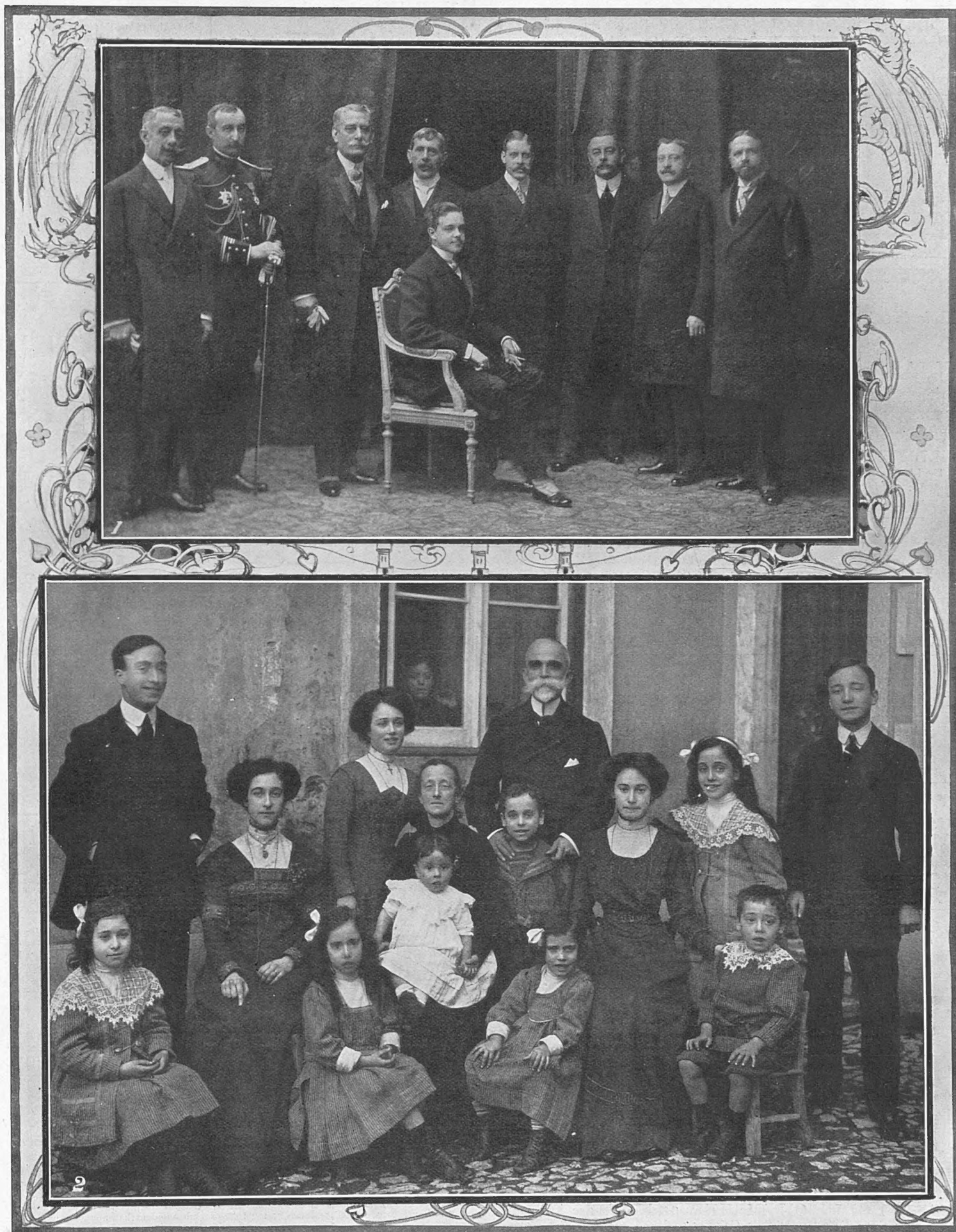
6. AS SHOT IN ENGLAND: MANOEL II. SHOOTING, AT WINDSOR.

7. PRACTICE WITH THE DUELLING-SWORD: MANOEL II. USING THE ÉPÉE.

8. STUDY: MANOEL II. IN THE NECESSIDADES PALACE.

At the moment of going to press, it is believed to be more than possible that the dethroned King, Manoel II., will come to England after leaving Gibraltar, and probably live here, at first at all events, at Wood Norton, the home of the Duke of Orleans.—[Photographs by Chusseau Flavien, Denollet, etc.]

ROYALTY AND REPUBLICAN: MANOEL II. AND AN OPPONENT.



1. THE DETHRONED KING: MANOEL II., WITH THE MEMBERS OF HIS HOUSEHOLD.

2. A SUCCESSFUL REPUBLICAN: DR. BERNARDINO MACHADO, WITH HIS WIFE AND TWELVE OF HIS FOURTEEN CHILDREN.

As all the world knows, King Manoel, with his mother, Queen Amelia, his grandmother, Queen Maria Pia, and his uncle, the Duke of Oporto, arrived at Gibraltar last Thursday night on board the Portuguese royal yacht "Amelia," after escaping from Lisbon. It is reported that King Mancel and his mother may take up their residence for a time with Queen Amelia's brother, the Duke of Orleans, at his English home at Wood Norton, in Worcestershire. Dr. Bernardino Machado, who is seen with his family in the lower photograph, was appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs in the provisional Republican Government of Portugal formed after the Revolution. He has fourteen children, twelve of whom appear in the group. The other Ministers appointed are Senhores Theophile Braga (President), Affonso Costa (Minister of Justice), Bazilio Telles (Finance), A. L. Gomes (Public Works), Colonel Barreto (War), A. J. Almeida (the Interior), A. A. Gomes (Marine), and Eusebio Leao (Civil Governor of Lisbon).

Photograph No. 1 by Boissonnas and Taponier; No. 2 by D. Knights-Whittome.

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New Play, NOBODY'S DAUGHTER, by George Paston. MAT. WEDS. SATS. 2.30.

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THE FAUN, a fantasy in one act,
The Perezoffs, the Kellinos, and Specially Selected Varieties.
EVENINGS at 8. Manager, MR. H. J. HITCHINS.

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Sole Lessees, Chappell and Co., Ltd.
Oct. 18 at 3.15, MR.
JOHN McCORMACK.

Farewell appearance
Prior to his departure for America,
Assisted by SIGNOR MARIO

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Tickets, 10s 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 2s., at Hall, usual Agents, and
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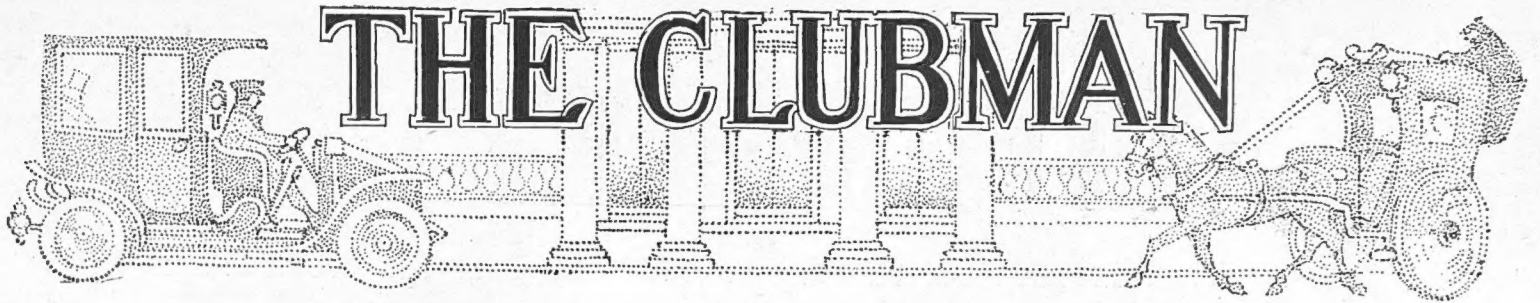
PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person
injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the
benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee
Company, Limited, Act," 1800, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under
Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said
Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the
same risk.

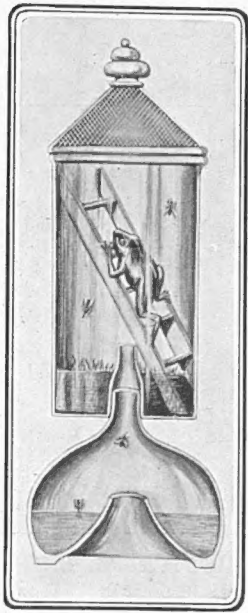
October 12, 1910.

Signature



The Birmingham Edward VII. Memorials.

Birmingham is, I think, to be heartily congratulated on the choice it has made in commemorating King Edward VII. by a statue and by the rebuilding of the Children's Hospital. Before the list closes it is quite likely that the subscription for the Memorial will reach £30,000, a very noble sum, and of this sum £2000 is to be set apart for the provision of a statue to be put in Victoria Square, while the balance is to be expended on removing and rebuilding on a large scale the Children's Hospital. Other cities, including our own great Metropolis of London, might very well follow this example, for we owe it to coming generations that the King who was so beloved by his subjects should stand in honoured effigy in all our towns; and King Edward's heart was so much in the work of hospitals that it will be in sympathy with his own life's work that the major part of the money subscribed should go towards the founding of new hospitals or for the betterment of old ones. So many sympathisers have schemes which may be excellent—such as the reconstruction of Trafalgar Square, and the acquisition of the Crystal Palace as a national flying-house—but which are not known to have been at all in King Edward's thoughts, that it is just as well that those who support proposals more in sympathy with the dead King's work should make their voices heard now.



FLY-TRAP AND FOOD-SUPPLIER TO A FROG IN ONE.

The device is so arranged that the flies, attracted by sugared water in the lower part of it, climb through the opening in the bottom of it, and from thence make their way into the frog's dwelling-place, there to provide a meal for the frog.

quality is seen to its highest advantage in Englishmen. But the French grumblers' clubs which have been formed in the provinces served by the West railway of France will surely add a terror to the life of all people in control of railways, for they are clubs which are likely to be imitated by many other nations. The French grumblers' clubs (which, it is interesting to note, were started in Brittany, that most British of all French provinces of the Republic) are bands of people who take up and press home all complaints made by individuals against the Western line of railway, which is now managed by the French Government. The West line has an unenviable notoriety for the unpunctual arrival of its trains, and when the authorities try to quicken up the pace, to ensure punctuality, an accident frequently occurs. The Republican form of government is not loved in the north-western part of France. Indeed, instead of toasting "The President," or "The Republic," "France" is generally the non-compromising word which brings all the guests to their feet at a banquet in those parts. Any stick is good enough for a Breton to use to beat a Republican Government, and the grumblers' clubs of Western France have found in their complaints against the State-managed railway a cause which unites Republicans with Royalists in saying disagreeable things against a Republican institution.

The Veteran Reserve.

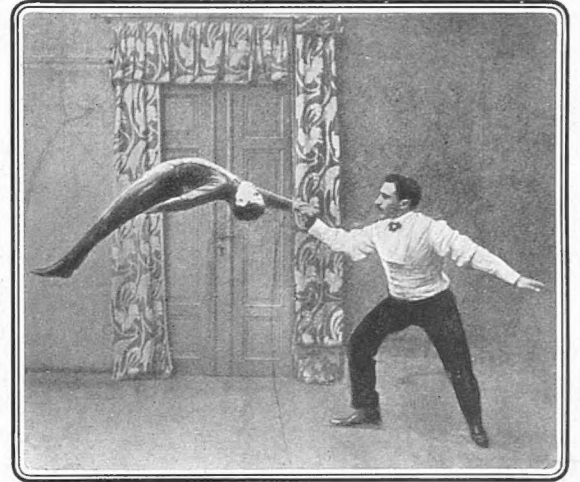
An agitation is on foot to enlarge the borders of the Veteran Reserve, an organisation which enrolls old soldiers for home defence in the case of any great national danger. The age for enrolment in this corps of veterans stands comparatively low, and many stalwart elderly gentlemen who can do a hard day's shooting, or with the hounds, and feel none the worse for it, find themselves debarred from doing military duty should there come a great crisis in our country's fortunes. It is proposed that a doctor's certificate, and not the number of a man's birthdays, should decide whether he is, or is not, fit to do the work required for home military service; and this, if the doctor's examination be made a searching one—or, better still, the verdict of a board of Army surgeons—seems to me to be a sensible way of gratifying quite an appreciable number of patriots who are young and energetic in spite of their years.

The Hong-Kong University.

It will be curious, in years to come, to watch what effect the Hong-Kong University, for the endowment of which Sir Frederick Lugard is pleading so energetically, has on the relations between England and China. That the Chinese believe that it will give their country a number of young Chinamen well trained in applied science and not disturbed by revolutionary ideas, is made plain by the large subscription the Viceroy of Canton has forwarded. The Chinese who wished to secure a modern education for their sons without paying

an exorbitant price for it have sent their boys by thousands to Japan; but the young men seem, as many of our own Eastern subjects who come to London do, to have fallen in with firebrands in a strange country, and to have returned to China with their heads full of revolutionary ideas. In a Crown Colony, such as Hong-Kong is, such an institution as the University can be more carefully hedged in than in States and countries under less parental government; and as the various religions of the East and West are going to establish hostels where the young men can live in the company of their co-religionists, strong influences will be at work to combat that atheism which in the East so often is an accompaniment of Western knowledge. I fancy that the Chinese must smile when they read that

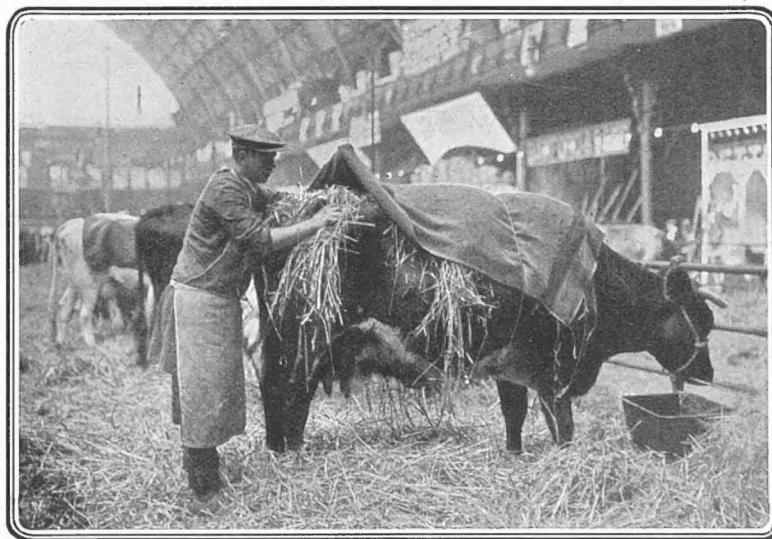
Art is to be one of the subjects their young men are to be taught at the new University. China had its own art when the West was plunged in barbarism, and Chinamen have taught us in things artistic a great deal more than we can ever hope to teach them in return.



SWING THE BUTTONS: A REMARKABLE FEAT BY THE GREAT GEORGETTYS.

We illustrate one of the most remarkable feats of strength and agility performed by the Great Georgettys, who are familiar figures of the music-hall stage, especially on that of the Continent.

Photograph by Scherl.



A WINTER OVERCOAT GROWN ON THE FARM: PLACING STRAW UNDER THE CLOTH ON A COW'S BACK, TO KEEP THE ANIMAL WARM.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

FISH were used as decorations at the Harvest Festival of St. Magnus the Martyr. Sir James Crichton-Browne is responsible for a great deal.

The National Poultry Organisation has discovered that every man, woman, and child in these islands eats seven-eighths of a fowl in a year. Who gets the odd one-eighth? The cat?

Sir Thomas Vezey Strong, the new teetotal Lord Mayor, is described as a typical

John Bull. There is some mistake here. In the old days typical and tippable were identical as far as John Bull was concerned.

But, if the Lord Mayor does not drink, he will have to eat, for one of the ex-Sheriffs said that, during the past year, he had got through 184 official dinners and 61 official luncheons. As all good children know, that is why the Lord Mayor's residence is called the Munching House.

memory serves, Trilby's brightest spot was not her intelligence, but her feet.

Sultan Sulu has presented Mr. Taft with six ivory-mounted, keen-bladed barongs for use against his enemies. So that is why the ex-Roosevelt so ostentatiously kissed and made friends with his President.

Professor Darwin, we are told, found that his own weight made a perceptible dimple in the earth's surface.

In that case, our fattest men must spend their lives trying to climb out of a hole.

Someone has discovered the World's Biggest Sponge in the Bahamas. Now we only want the World's Biggest Bath-tub and the World's Biggest Towel, and we can die happy.



THE HONEYMOON HOTEL.

(The latest American novelty is an hotel designed exclusively for newly married couples.)

List, ye lovers too shy to wed,
To the latest Yankee boom;
There is balm at last for the blushing bride

And the sadly embarrassed groom.
For the idiot grin and the foolish smirk

Henceforward you may repel,
If you bolt at once when you leave the church

For the Honeymoon Hotel.
Far from the madding and gaping crowd

Is the haunt of honeymoon peace;
So the tattered trunk and the battered bag

Their useless fraud may cease.
For all the porters are newly spiced,
And the waiters and maids as well,

So you won't be chaffed, and you can't be bored
At the Honeymoon Hotel.



TO HIS LADY'S CHIN.

(No devotee of fashion nowadays can risk the possession of a double chin.)

My lady's eyes the stars outshine,
Her hair, like burnished gold,
Its silken meshes doth entwine
Round this poor heart of mine.

Roses and lilies in her face
Their tender hues unfold;
The coral in her lip finds place,
And goddess-like her grace.

Her teeth are quarrelets of pearl,
As Herrick sang of old.
To slight the beauties of my girl
I were indeed a churl.

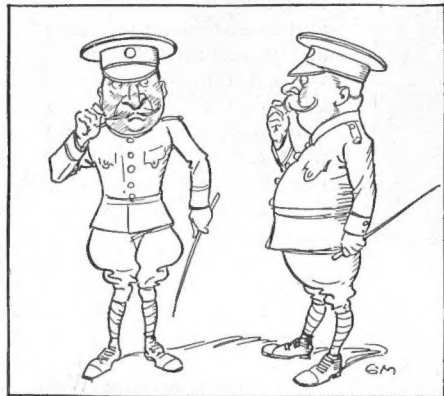
And yet the serpent doubt creeps in;
She hath, so I've been told,
The one unpardonable sin,
Alack! a double chin!

Professor Charles Richet, of Paris, says that every living being is probably nothing but a chemical mechanism. "We know what we are," observed Shakespeare.

More twentieth-century wonders. A modiste has actually invented a "shell" frock into which a woman can get without help. Let us hope that she will not have to be helped out of her "shell" with a chopper, like a lobster.

Mr. Edison does better than this, for he says that each man is merely a collection of cells. This is what is meant by saying that the body is the prison of the soul.

"Some of the failings which I found in the Territorial Army probably lie in the fact that they imitate the methods which prevail in the Regular Army," says a writer in a morning paper. Hardly a monument of tact, this remark.



A visitor from Australia weeps over

English girls as unintelligent, because one of them has not yet read "Trilby." And yet, if

And, talking of prisons, the Annual Report of the Prison Commissioners observes, with sulky reproach:

"So unfamiliar is the public with the history and details of our prison system—that's not to the discredit of the public."

Fashion Notes.—One of the new colours for the autumn is Swallow Blue. No doubt, the hue babies turn when grandpapa's gold watch chokes them.



THE CHAPEAU DE CHEVEUX : "TOQUES" BY THE MAISON NATURE.



THE BOBBY'S-HELMET COIFFURE.



THE ROMAN-HELMET COIFFURE.



CREATING A "TOQUE": A HAIRDRESSER AT WORK AT GUIDAM MOUSSA.

Strictly speaking, of course, we are not justified in talking of hats in connection with the photographs here reproduced. The "hats" in question are in reality headdresses, the hair being plastered into the shapes shown. The coiffures are some of those favoured by natives of the oasis of Agram, in Central Africa.

SMALL TALK

SIX years younger than Lord Kitchener, General Sir Archibald Hunter had already secured a reputation almost equalling his senior's for determination in battle and bachelorhood. Since the announcement of his engagement to Mary Lady Inverclyde, the married officers who have served under him begin to doubt if he did really look upon them with peculiar sternness. Like Lord Kitchener, who openly declares his condemnation of the "terrible Mrs. Colonel, who runs not only

the Colonel, but the garrison as well," Sir Archibald is accredited with caustic criticism of his more domesticated brethren. Let the bachelors of his command now prepare to be his butt.

Sun Days. Mr. Conrad Noel,

the central figure in Lord and Lady Warwick's house-party at Easton Lodge on the occasion of his induction to the living of Thaxted; has made himself extremely popular as a curate—

by no means pale—in London parishes. His robust faith in public-houses as the centres of social life for the lower classes was calculated, like other of his teachings, to astonish most congregations and most vicars, but had a way of carrying conviction in the end. The people of Paddington Green have not yet forgotten the scolding they got one splendid summer Sunday for not going into the parks and enjoying God's sunshine,

instead of going—to church! Mr. Conrad Noel is the son of Roden Noel, poet and fourth son of the first Earl of Gainsborough.

Peace and Plenty at The Hague.

At The Hague, Sir Alan Johnstone, the new Minister, and Lady Johnstone will find themselves very much at home, for the place is one of the several Continental capitals that Sir Alan knows "like his pocket." Born a Pinchot, of New York, Lady Johnstone will be much regretted in London, where she is immensely liked; but The Hague will be proportionately pleased at her advent. Among the English residents there Lord and Lady Acton are, of course, prominent. The son of the most erudite man of his time—a byword of the Universities—Lord Acton's chief fame at Oxford was for the largest stock of trousers

that had ever been known there; and at The Hague—one of the most expensive cities in Europe, by the way—his waistcoats are unrivalled.

A Study in Contrasts. Not long after the death of the late Duke, Adeline Duchess of Bedford made her first visit to

Aylesbury Gaol. The officials smiled, but so did the Duchess, and, in the end, the prisoners. Each smile meant something different, but the smile of ridicule was the first to vanish. In a paper in the *Fortnightly* that should be of no little use to the Home Secretary (among other things, the writer states her partial approval of solitary confinement), her Grace gives an account of fifteen years' work, and those who know her can read between the lines of her perseverance, tolerance, good sense, and forgetfulness of self. These were not qualities notable in that Duke of Bedford who, eighty years ago, was told that he should ask some of the "lesser folk" to dinner, "a civility that may save you fifteen hundred pounds at the elections," said his steward. "Spend the money, and save me an evening's boredom and annoyance," was the reply.

Demand and Supply. As it is the destiny of some men to write

books and of others to buy them, so it is the destiny of some to paint pictures and of others to collect them. Lord Carlisle is that rare person, a collector who is also a painter—or, as his admirers would be more apt to put it, a painter who

is also a collector. In his delightful house on Palace Green, Kensington, his water-colours hang beside bought treasures, and in other households "Carlisles" are valued along with "Corots" and "Cromes." Of late he has retired very much into his studio, for he had promised some children of his acquaintance to make for them pictures to several favourite songs and ballads. Fortunately for the children, and others who are not of his acquaintance, Lord Carlisle has been persuaded to enlarge his scheme, and the result is the publication of a volume illustrated with fifty of his charming drawings.



MRS. J. E. H. BALFOUR, WHO WAS MARRIED ON SATURDAY. Mrs. Balfour, whose marriage to Lieut.-Col. J. E. H. Balfour, late 11th Hussars, took place on Saturday, was Miss Evelyn Gerard, and is a daughter of the Hon. Robert Gerard-Dicconson. Her husband is the eldest son of the late Mr. G. E. Balfour. Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED TO MR. ELIAS CORBALLY: LADY MARY PEPYS.

Lady Mary Pepys, whose engagement to Mr. Elias Corbally, of Rathbeale Hall, Co. Dublin, is announced, is the only daughter of the late Earl of Cottenham, and sister of the present peer. [Photograph by Rita Martin.]



TO MARRY CAPTAIN D. RAMSEY EWING TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): MISS ALICE B. W. HOLLAND. Miss Holland is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Holland, of Wood Hall, Worcestershire, and Moor Park, Farnham. Captain Ewing, of the Scottish Rifles, is a son of the late Major J. P. Ewing, R.A., of Slieve Dhu, Newcastle, Co. Down. Photograph by Kate Fragnell.



MR. ARCHIBALD WYBERGH, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS GLENDA PHYLLIS RHODES TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY). Mr. Wybergh is of Borran's Hill, Cumberland. Photograph by Thomson.



TO MARRY MR. SANDFORD HELSHAM YEO ON THE 15TH: MISS KATHERINE EMILY BARRY. Miss Barry is a daughter of the late Mr. James Hewitt Barry, of Dilkhooch, Sydenham Hill, Calcutta, and London, and Mrs. Barry, of 21, Cheniston Gardens, W. Mr. Sandford Helsham Yeo, of the Devonshire Regiment, is a son of the late Gerald Yeo, F.R.S., of Austins Close, Harbertonford. Photograph by Caswall Smith.



MRS. ARCHIBALD WYBERGH (FORMERLY MISS GLENDA PHYLLIS RHODES), WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY). Mrs. Wybergh is the youngest daughter of Captain Rhodes, of Barrock Park, Cumberland. [Photograph by Thomson.]



TO MARRY COLONEL BURN-MURDOCK, R.E., TO-DAY (THE 12TH): MISS FERELITH RAMSAY. Miss Ramsay is a daughter of Sir James H. Ramsay, Bt. Col. Burn-Murdoch, Chief Engineer South African Command, is a son of the late Rev. Alexander H. Burn-Murdoch, of Neuck, and a nephew of the late Sir James Clerk-Rattray, of Craighall. In future, Col. Burn-Murdoch is to take the name Burn-Clerk-Rattray. [Photo. Kate Fragnell.]

LIKE A CHIP IN THE SEA: A MOTOR-BOAT IN NIAGARA RAPIDS.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!")

THE MOTOR-BOAT SUCCEEDS WHERE THE SWIMMER FAILED: CAPTAIN KLAUS LARSEN
IN THE NIAGARA RAPIDS, WHERE CAPTAIN WEBB WAS DROWNED.

It will be remembered that the famous swimmer, Captain Webb, who swam the Channel, from Dover to Calais, in 1875, was drowned in 1883 in attempting to swim the rapids of Niagara. Where he failed, however, Captain Klaus Larsen, of Cleveland, Ohio, recently succeeded, not, indeed, by his own unaided efforts, but with the assistance of a motor-boat. The passage of the rapids, a distance of four miles and a half, occupied forty-five minutes, and Captain Larsen was in imminent peril every moment of that time. Twice the boat disappeared from the sight of the anxious spectators, and at one point it was lifted clear of the water by the terrific force of the current, and sent through the air like a flying-fish, skidding over the surface on its descent like a flat stone. There was no question of steering, for the little craft was simply spun round like a chip in the foaming surf. Once a wave turned it completely over, but the next righted it again.—[Photograph by C.N.]

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

TO the royal ladies of Portugal goes the sympathy of the whole world. For Queen Amélie, bereft of husband and eldest son with the tremendous and awful suddenness of assassination by shooting, the terrors of revolution have been beyond description; and had Queen Maria Pia witnessed the loss of her younger grandson, her sum of tragedies would have well-nigh equalled that of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. The daughter of Victor Emmanuel, she suffered the loss by murder of her brother, King Humbert, not many years before her son and eldest grandson lost their lives in the streets of their own city.

A Mother's Fears. Spain's interest in neighbouring revolutions bodes ill for the peace of mind of its young ruler and his Queen. With courage of a high order, King Alfonso and Queen Eugenia seem always to be less concerned about the safety of their persons

than the people attached to them, and it is only by chance that the world learns of the inevitable foreboding that presses upon them. When they visited Barcelona in 1908 it was known that they ran some danger from revolver-shots, for nothing is so catching as the hideous craze for assassination. One only sign of any consciousness of danger on the part of the royal travellers got abroad, and that was

exact contrast to the George Warrender whose name was perverted to "Sir Gorge Provender," on account of his fondness for good living. His wife, Lady Maud, is one of the best-known women in

The Two Mariés. The announcement of Lady Mary Pepys's engagement to Mr. Elias Corbally, of Rathbeale Hall, County Dublin, renews a familiar controversy in pronunciation. Wemyss is pronounced in one syllable, and so is Knollys; and, on the same principle, "Peps" and "Peeps" are the commonest rendering of Pepys. "Peppis," however, is a form insisted on by more than one bearer of the name. Lady Mary, who has, in a favourite phrase of the diarist, "mightily pleased" many audiences as an amateur actress, already bears one name in common with Mr. Corbally. After the fashion of Catholic Spain and Italy, Mary is included among his baptismal names.

The Seaman and the Singer. Sir George Warrender, to whom is given the command of the Second Cruiser Squadron, saw

active service with the naval landing force during the Zulu War, and has won the confidence of the Admiralty as the Commander-in-Chief of the East India Station. An able and exacting officer, who leaves the recreations of life ashore, along with his golf-clubs, he is thought of by Navy men as the

TO MARRY THE HON. LAURA LISTER ON THE 15TH: LORD LOVAT.

Lord Lovat is the 16th Baron. During the South African War he raised and commanded the cavalry force known as Lovat's Scouts.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Society, and, like her brother, Lord Shaftesbury, is an accomplished vocal performer. On the concert platform she is as much at home as her husband on the bridge of his flagship.

Another Bride. Lady Dorothy Mercer Henderson, who will soon hear the

family tables groan under the weight of her own wedding-presents, has been reminded that it was an ancestor on her father's side who showed his esteem of the married state by presenting ten guineas every year to each of five maidens of Norwich who wedded the sons of Norwich freemen. Lady Dorothy's mother, the Countess of Buckinghamshire, who married the longest single-word title in the Peerage, came of a family that can boast many names and many inches. The Countess's father establishes a record with Hew Adam Dalrymple Hamilton Haldane-Duncan-Mercer-Henderson, and her ancestor the victor of Camperdown stood 6 ft. 4 in. in his eighteenth-century stockings, a height exceeded by both his father and his grandfather.



DAUGHTER OF THE CHAMPION OF FORM IV: MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE.

Photograph by Bassano



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DAUGHTER OF THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO ST. PETERSBURG: MISS BUCHANAN.

Miss Buchanan's father, Sir George William Buchanan, has won fame as diplomatist at Rome, Tokio, Vienna, Berne, Darmstadt, Berlin, and Sofia. Before her marriage, in 1885, her mother was Lady Georgina Bathurst, daughter of the 6th Earl Bathurst.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



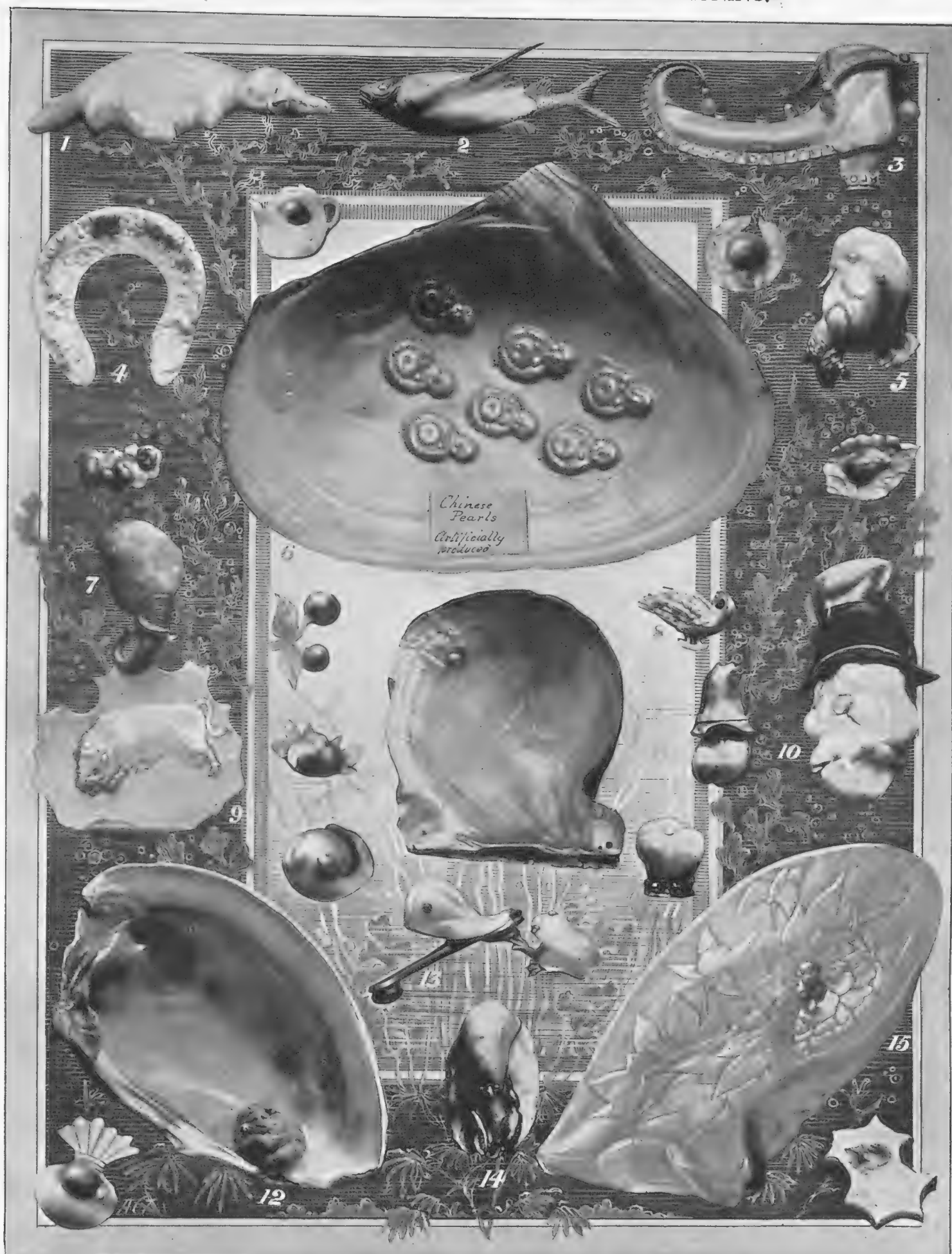
TO MARRY LORD LOVAT ON THE 15TH: THE HON. LAURA LISTER.

Miss Lister is the second daughter of Lord Ribblesdale, and was born in 1892. Her eldest sister is married to Major Matthew Richard Henry Wilson.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

the following paragraph—"The alteration in their Majesties' itinerary was dictated by the Queen's desire to embrace her children before going to Barcelona."

Hurstmonceux. The new owner of Hurstmonceux has no intention of personally "roughing it" among the ruins. When Evelyn described the castle as a fair and delectable seat it had not yet been dismantled; the diarist would now agree with Mr. Claude Lowther in thinking Scaleby Castle, his Cumberland residence, or even his Albany chambers, better suited by that description. Such money as Mr. Lowther spends on Hurstmonceux will not be wasted in tinkering with any portion of the ruins to make it habitable, but will be expended in preserving them as a national monument, and in completing by restoration essential points in the constructional design of the castle. Mr. Lowther, for six years Member for the Eskdale Division of Cumberland, served in South Africa, and was recommended for the Victoria Cross by Sir Charles Warren for gallantry at Faber's Point.

THE VERSATILE MOTHER-OF-PEARL: NACRE IN STRANGE FORMS. PEARLS OF NATURE'S MOST FREAKISH FASHIONING.



- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| 1. AN UNTOUCHED "ALLIGATOR" OF PEARL. | 7. "AN ELEPHANT'S HEAD" OF PEARL, WITH THE ADDITION OF A GOLD TRUNK. | 12. "A HOOLIGAN SMOKING A SHORT PIPE": UNTOUCHED. |
| 2. A PEARL-FORMATION TRANSFORMED INTO A "FLYING FISH." | 8. AN UNTOUCHED PEARL "SWAN." | 13. "A DUCK'S HEAD" AND A "FROG" IN PEARL. |
| 3. "A TURKISH DANCING-BOOT" FORMED FROM A PEARL. | 9. A PEARL "BISON," UNTOUCHED AND STILL ADHERING TO THE SHELL. | 14. AN INTRUDER TURNED INTO PEARL: A TINY LOBSTER WHICH FOUND ITS WAY INTO A PEARL-OYSTER AND WAS COVERED WITH NACRE BY THE IRRITATED BIVALVE. |
| 4. "A LUCKY HORSESHOE": AN UNTOUCHED PEARL-FORMATION. | 10. A "FACE" FORMED IN NACRE. | 15. "A BUNCH OF GRAPES" IN PEARL: THE GRAPES FORMED OF NATURAL PEARLS ON A PEARL-OYSTER SHELL. |
| 5. "A DOG'S HEAD" IN PEARL. | 11. "A DOG'S HEAD" IN PEARL. | |
| 6. AFTER HAVING LIVED IN OYSTER-SHELLS: LITTLE GODS COVERED WITH NACRE BY THE BIVALVES. | | |

Nacre, otherwise mother-of-pearl, is that hard, milky, brilliant internal layer peculiar to several kinds of shells, notably those of the oyster family. It is a generally accepted theory that pearls are formed by the oyster's action in seeking to cover, and thus render non-irritant, grains of sand or other objects that have found their way into the bivalve's home. Hence, no doubt, the production of the many curiously shaped pearl-formations, of which we give some examples. The theory seems to be proved especially by such instances as that shown in Photograph No. 14. In this case the claws of the tiny lobster may be seen protruding from its pearly coffin.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

A Patriot's Lament.

Bewildered observers are asking what has happened to Old England. The question is reasonable and pauses for a reply. Consider the list of this season's plays to date, with their places of origin (in brackets): "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" (America), "The Eternal Question" (Isle of Man), "The Crisis" (France), "Henry VIII." (England), "Nobody's Daughter" (England), "A Bolt from the Blue" (France), "Sister Anne" (England), "The Man from Mexico" (France and America), "A Woman's Way" (America), "The Man from the Sea" (England), "D'Arcy of the Guards" (England and America), "The Bishop's Son" (Isle of Man), and "Young Fernald" (England). And last of all have come "Inconstant George" (unmistakable France), and "Maw; or, The Squab Lady" (unmistakable America). There are fifteen plays, of which the British Isles can honestly claim but seven, with a doubtful claim to an eighth; and of these eight, how many will be worth mentioning when the time comes to sum up the output of the year? Certainly "Nobody's Daughter"; perhaps "Young Fernald"; possibly, though I doubt it, "The Man from the Sea." Verily, the true patriot may sit down on the nearest doorstep and cry his heart out.

Why?

But the curious thing about it all is that the foreign importations are no better than the things we can produce ourselves, so that there is not even the one justification for their appearance which might be admitted to have some substance behind it. Some of them have points of merit, and provide a fair

evening's entertainment—such as, for instance, "A Woman's Way"; on behalf of others, such as "A Bolt from the Blue," no explanation has been given, unless it be true, as has been rumoured of that play, that it was a parody of the modern criminal play; an explanation which would not have occurred to anybody who saw it in the English version. But perhaps it is of no use grumbling; the clouds will pass away; and in the meanwhile there is "Inconstant George" demanding attention.

"Inconstant George." This gentleman as a provider of amusement has distinct value. In the first place, he suits Mr. Charles Hawtrey exceedingly well. If we are to have the humours of gentlemen in pyjamas—and the necessity for this is open to question—it is as well to have them exhibited with tact and an easy grace. If we are to have the irresponsible French farceur flirting with ladies who belong, legally or otherwise, to other gentlemen, then obviously Mr. Hawtrey is the man to play the part. He is so very quietly and distressfully worried by it all. He does not exaggerate the trouble of being roused from his sleep at three in the morning by a sarcastic husband pointing out that he really

advantage that the lightness and wit of the French original have been unusually well preserved by the adaptor, Miss Gladys Unger, who has obviously had a somewhat difficult task in making the play suitable for British consumption, and has skated over the difficulties with some success. There is much to be said, too, for Micheline, who is an ingénue of a novel kind. As a rule, the young girls of French farce are colourless, the colour being all displayed by the ladies who have more experience of the world. In the present case the position is reversed, for Micheline is endowed with humour, determination, and a character, and her pursuit of the inconstant George has the merit of originality. Miss Doris Lytton made the most of this fact, and played the part very well. Of the others, I need mention only Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, who was excellent as the philosophic husband, and Mr. Hubert Druce, a portly and entertaining valet.

"Maw."

There remains "Maw; or, the Squab Lady," which Miss May Robson put on for an afternoon at Terry's when the run of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" was nearly over. It was as elementary in form and idea as that play, but quaint, and therefore somewhat, but not very much, more interesting. The title requires translation. "Maw" is only the American for "Mamma," or, to put it more formally, "Mother." A "squab" is a pigeon, and a "squab lady" is a lady whose hobby is pigeon-farming. Pigeons are apparently treated with alcohol, whether in the course of their ordinary diet or in case of special illness I do not know. Consequently there was a large bottle of alcohol (presumably not of the drinkable kind) always on the table: with the result that Maw (or the Squab Lady) discovered the secret of liquid light. This, perhaps, requires further explanation. "Maw's" husband was an irritable old professor, whose inventions were all being stolen by a rascal named Paul, who lent the old man money and sought the hand of his daughter Hope. Hope, of course, loved another, named Elver. Paul first stole the Professor's prescription, and ordered from town a supply of the stuff which was to be the final ingredient in "liquid light"; but the Professor's supply arrived first, and Maw, suspecting that Paul would steal that too, emptied it into another bottle and put alcohol in its place. (Now we see the necessity for the pigeons.) Paul did steal it, and by accident the alcohol made liquid light, so that Paul was almost in a position to insist on marrying the Professor's daughter. But Maw was too much for him. She said, "Come and make liquid light on our table in the presence of the whole family." Paul tried, his own stuff, made according to order, having now arrived. But the prescription, being the Professor's, was worthless; and "Maw" then triumphantly mixed a little alcohol—and need we say any more? Hope married Elver, and Miss Witherspoon married the farm-hand, and Bud married Alice (had I mentioned any of these people?) and Paul was well thrashed, and Maw gently made it up with the Professor, to whom, in the course of the afternoon, she had administered a well-deserved and very vigorous shaking. It was all strangely foolish; but Miss Robson showed her cleverness by making a good deal of it quite pleasantly entertaining.



CONVERTER OF "BURIDAN'S ASS" INTO "INCONSTANT GEORGE": MISS GLADYS UNGER.

"Inconstant George," the new piece at the Prince of Wales's, in which Mr. Charles Hawtrey plays the fickle hero, is an adaptation by Miss Gladys Unger from a French farce, "L'Âne de Buridan," by Messrs. de Flers and Caillavet. Miss Unger has done her work excellently, retaining, in her translation, the sparkle and vivacity of the original.—[Photograph by Thomson.]



SALVE, DIVA POTENS! MR. WILKIE BARD AS A POTENTIAL PRIMA-DONNA.

Mr. Wilkie Bard is very funny in his new song, "I Want to Sing in Opera," which he is now giving with great success at the Oxford and Tivoli.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

must make up his mind which lady he prefers. He on this occasion invents no lies: he just humbly admits that he suffers from irresolution; and there is nobody who can suffer from irresolution quite so attractively as Mr. Hawtrey. And he has in this case the

THE MODEL CARUSO — OR, A MARBLE HAUL!



CHEZ LE STATUAIRE: SIGNOR CARUSO SITTING FOR HIS BUST.

Signor Caruso, undoubtedly the most famous of living tenors, has been giving sittings to M. Cifatiello, that the sculptor may make a marble bust of him, a bust that will undoubtedly be a great marble haul for the person fortunate enough to secure it. It will be noted that Signor Caruso is looking particularly Napoleonic in the photograph.

KEYNOTES

FRENCH MUSIC AND LONDON AUDIENCES.

ACCORDING to the programme as arranged at the time of writing, Xavier Leroux's opera "Le Chemineau" will be presented at Covent Garden to-night, and will be sung in French by a company including Mesdames Edna Thornton and Beatrice la Palme, and Messrs. Clarence Whitehill, Harry Dearth, and Lewys James. Although M. Leroux was born in Italy, he studied in Paris, where, after a successful career, he was appointed, some fourteen years ago, to a Professorship of Harmony at the Conservatoire, a position he still holds to the great benefit of many students. M. Leroux's opera, "Le Chemineau," is founded upon M. Richepin's play, and was produced for the first time three years ago, at the Opéra Comique in Paris. In his student days M. Leroux gained the coveted Prix de Rome, which sends the happy prizeman from the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière to Italy and Germany for four years, with a travelling allowance of ten pounds a month and no other obligation than to submit certain proofs of industry at stated intervals. He is now approaching his fiftieth year, has written several operas, produced either in Charles Garnier's wonderful

in recent years? Gounod's "Faust," like the poor, is always with us, and by reason of too much repetition its beauty has become cheapened. "Roméo et Juliette," by far the finest of the master's works, is seldom presented, the reason given being that the leading tenor rôle is hard to fill. "Philémon et Baucis" has not been heard in London for years, and Gounod's other operas are unknown here. Some of Massenet's finest work has failed to attract, the most regrettable stigma on the public taste being associated with the failure in London of "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," a work by which, it is safe to say, M. Massenet will be content to be remembered and to be judged. Dr. Saint-Saëns would be unknown upon our operatic stage but for the fact that the Lord Chamberlain refused to permit "Samson et Dalila" to be performed until it was a full quarter of a century behind the times, and had been rendered still more out of date as a musical interpretation of Eastern passion by Richard Strauss, whose "Salomé" is, beyond doubt, for all its unpleasant and sensational aspects, which are at once legitimate and inevitable, the finest musical expression of a Biblical story that has ever been



THE PRODUCTION WITH WHICH THE BEECHAM GRAND OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN WAS TO HAVE OPENED; A SCENE FROM THE SECOND ACT OF D'ALBERT'S "TIEFLAND," WHICH, AFTER THE POSTPONEMENT, WAS PRODUCED LAST WEDNESDAY.

A performance of "Tiefland" was to have opened the Beecham Grand Opera Season at Covent Garden ten days ago, but, owing to the much-regretted indisposition of Mme. Marguerite Lémon, the Marta, it was found imperative to postpone the production until Wednesday of last week. The opening of the season was also postponed from the Saturday until the Monday, when "Hamlet" was given.—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]

house in the Place de l'Opéra, or in M. Bernier's less pretentious one between the Rues Favart and Marivaux, and is practically unknown in England. But for Mr. Beecham's marked catholicity of taste, we should, in all probability, never hear "Le Chemineau," of which the worst that can be said is that the opera is hardly big enough for Covent Garden.

It may be remarked that Mr. Beecham is doing something to restore French music to its proper place in London's regard. Many English opera-goers have almost forgotten the truth that opera may exist without devotion to infractions of the Sixth and Seventh Commandments. French composers have borne these facts well in mind, and the result is that we have a number of exquisite works, full of lyrical beauty, in which the grosser passions are relegated to their proper sphere. If and when these appear they are inevitable and almost incidental; some composers have succeeded in doing without them altogether; others, like Gounod, have never allowed them to overwhelm the lyrical interest of their operas. The result of their moderation, as far as this country is concerned, is lamentable: French opera has suffered from neglect, and is seldom appreciated or understood. Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Leroux, Ambroise Thomas, Debussy, Charpentier, and others have written operas that, by comparison with the popular work of young Italy and young Germany, must be called chaste, and, in point of lyrical beauty, can hold their own with any operas of the two rival countries. But what have we heard

presented to an audience. M. Leroux will, if we are not mistaken, make his first appearance before a British audience in the rôle of an operatic composer this evening.

Of Debussy's work we have had a charming little one-act trifle belonging to his early days, and dealing with the legend of the Prodigal Son, and the exquisite "Pelléas et Mélisande," upon which the Grand Opera Syndicate lavished all its splendid resources, only to find that the work made most of the subscribers very indignant indeed—so indignant that many of them protested to the management against further representations. Ambroise Thomas is known by his "Hamlet," with which the season opened last week—a really great achievement, but one that was bound to suffer from the length of the libretto, which is little more than an adaptation of Shakespeare's play. Charpentier has succeeded with his "Louise," perhaps because the exquisite combination of strength and simplicity, the kaleidoscopic pictures of Parisian life, and the leading motif of illicit love have been held to atone for the absence of grosser scenes that might have been interpolated—scenes that no self-respecting young Italian would have spared us. It is well that Mr. Beecham, in trying to reach the general public, is calling the French composers to his aid, for they have been true to their ideals, and have directed rather than followed the strange factor that enjoys the courtesy title of "public taste." But for them opera would have become something too unpleasant to contemplate—a very riot of erotics.

COMMON CHORD.

Caddies !



II.—THE TYRANT.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

MY FIRST APPEARANCE

V.—MISS ANNIE HUGHES.

MY first appearance on the stage was different from that of most actresses. It was coincident with my first visit to the theatre. More than that, I had no burning ambition to be an actress—as a matter of fact, I had no desire to be an actress at all. I had never given it a moment's thought. It was my mother who wished me to go on the stage. I was at Miss Buss's school, in North London, and, like most of the other girls, I studied elocution. I used to take the elocution prizes at school, and at the weekly needlework class, where one of us had to read to the others during the hour it lasted, and we balloted for the reader, I was generally elected. I used to study elocution with the late Mr. John Maclean, and on one occasion a performance was given at the St. Giles's Workhouse, at which Mr. Maclean, Mr. Penley, and the late Mr. William Rignold were present. They heard me recite, and it was they who told my mother that I ought to be allowed to become an actress, for if I didn't—Well, you know the sort of thing people who want to be kind tell fond mothers of their little daughters, for I was only about thirteen at the time. My mother listened, as is the habit of mothers. A little while after, she met Miss Vane Featherstone at an At Home, and mentioned about my going on the stage. Miss Featherstone suggested that I should see Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who was then in the full flush of his success with "The Private Secretary." She kindly promised to introduce me, so on the appointed day I was taken down to see him. I was still in short frocks. Mr. Hawtrey looked at me, and, evidently knowing what mothers expected, made a pleasant remark, and engaged me for Miss Maude Millett's part in the third company of "The Private Secretary," which was playing at the fit-up theatres in the provinces. I had never seen the front of a theatre from the stage, and when the opportunity came of "walking on" at a Gaiety matinée before going on tour, it was taken advantage of for me. Among the things I was given to do was to carry on a tea-tray in one part of the play, and two candlesticks with lighted candles in another. I was very angry because of that tray and those candlesticks. I thought that if that was what acting meant, the sooner I was allowed to leave it alone and retire into private life the better it would suit me. That, however, was not my only trouble. The stage-manager, instead of addressing me by my name, called me "dear." At that time I had no idea that "dear" is the stage-manager's generic term for all the women in the play, as it saves him the trouble of remembering their names. When he called me "dear," I drew myself up to my full height, and with all the indignation of which an insulted schoolgirl is capable, I remarked, "I am not a dear."

When it came to the performance, Mrs. (now Lady) Beerbohm Tree very kindly lent me one of her dresses for the part. It was the first time I had ever had on a long dress. When I came to my entrance with the two candles, I got as far as the centre of the stage,

and at the next step I trod on my dress and fell prostrate on the floor. Of course, the audience roared with laughter. It was the first laugh I ever got on the stage, though, happily, it has not been the last. To add to the absurdity of the situation, the stage was in darkness until I took the candles on. Then all the lights went up. When I fell down, however, the candles went out, but the lights remained up, though the source of the illumination was withdrawn. My first steps on the stage were like those of a baby—fatal ones.

It was in the Town Hall at Ealing that I spoke for the first time on the stage. I had not seen the Gaiety Theatre during the rehearsals, for the curtain was down, and, naturally, I did not notice anything at the performance. When I saw the Town Hall I was as disappointed as a famous dramatist was with the Atlantic. I knew nothing about the stage, and when I arrived at night and dressed, someone said to me—"Aren't you going to make up?"

I had nothing to make up with, and I did not know that make-up was necessary. My début, therefore, was made without any paint on my face at all, and it was some time before I did "make up." My lack of artificial colour was noticed by a newspaper when I played my first original part in London in "The Man with Three Wives," at the Criterion, for its critics said—"At last we have an actress who has no intention of making up, which is such a relief. English actresses make up too much, but not to such an extent as the French."

I had only been a few weeks in the country—where I think I gave more attention to the raiding of orchards than to the art of acting—when one night the business-manager came up to me and said—"I have great news for you: you are going to London to act." I had no idea what "going to London to act" meant, other than the curtailing of what I regarded as

a pleasant holiday. I did not realise that it was the ambition of every actor in the provinces to get there. Miss Maude Millett, however, was leaving Mr. Hawtrey to go to the Vaudeville, and he decided to put me into her place. I had only been in London a short time when, at one of the matinées, Sir—then, of course, Mr.—Charles Wyndham was seen seated in a stall in the front. Speculation was rife among the company, and everybody was asking, "Whom does he want?" for it was Green Room gossip that he was casting "The Man with Three Wives." At the end of the performance, he saw me and offered me a two years' engagement, which my father accepted on my behalf. There was a German girl in the play, and originally I was cast for it. It was found, however, that I was quite unsuited to the part, and the actress who was cast for one of the other wives was equally unsuited to her part, so we were made to exchange. It was in that way that I got my first demure part; and I am still playing demure parts, which seem destined to be my specialty, though my last one differs from my first in that it has in it an admixture of the cat.

ANNIE HUGHES.



IN HER EARLY DAYS ON THE STAGE: MISS ANNIE HUGHES.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Crank Cures.



IV.—THE YAWNING-HALL FOR SUFFERERS FROM INSOMNIA.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL ON SOME CELEBRITIES.*

THERE is a certain triviality about Lady Dorothy Nevill's new *Reminiscences*. They are wrought of gossamer-light threads rather than of the rougher yarns that go to the making of Cardigan jacketings. The great lady who has woven them has drawn her materials from many a store-cupboard, from the recesses of bureaus that have known the days of the First Gentleman in Europe, those of the Sailor King, of Victoria the Good, of Edward the Peacemaker, and of George V. The scent of the years is about them, rosemary, lavender, and clove are all-evident; bitter herbs are scarcely to be noted. From their nature, they may not wear so well as those of stronger stuff; but they cannot fail to please for a considerable time. Let us unravel a part of them.

First, then, are threads of the skein political. "We have all heard of the old lady who, attending a funeral, and being told Mr. Gladstone was present, said, 'Oh, I do hope he won't make a disturbance!'" At Ipswich, during the present elections (January 1910), curiously enough, an old lady also distinguished herself in somewhat the same way. Great crowds having assembled, she was convinced that this was caused by the opening of the Quarter Sessions. "They are only waiting for Mr. Balfour," said an acquaintance. "Well," replied she "I suppose, if the poor man has done anything wrong, he'll have to suffer for it now." Then there is something of the present Premier: "Mr. Asquith has introduced an entirely new fashion at political parties—the practice of the Prime Minister assisting a hostess in receiving the guests and shaking hands with those she has invited being quite an innovation, which irresistibly recalls the receptions given in the past by the Siamese Twins or the famous dwarf, General Tom Thumb, at which every visitor was entitled to a handshake from the attraction of the evening." One letter from Mr. Chamberlain is particularly treasured by Lady Dorothy. It was dated from Highbury in 1888: "I am going to the United States," read a part of it, "to marry Miss Endicott—one of those American girls whose importation into this country you once deprecated so strongly in my hearing. You said, 'I like the Americans very well, but there are two things I wish they would keep to themselves—their girls and their tinned lobster.' I am ready to give up the tinned lobster, so you must be prepared to like the girl."

Writing of marriage recalls Lady Dorothy on Dr. Wolff, who wedded her aunt, and the queer manner in which he first met his future wife: "My aunt, I believe, was first captivated by Dr. Wolff at an Exeter Hall meeting, where he was delivering an address. She happened to sit quite close to him on the platform, and during a vehement piece of declamation the doctor, gesticulating and waving his arms, struck her lightly on the eye. Pausing for a moment to apologise, he surreptitiously inquired who she might be. 'Lady Georgiana Walpole,' was the reply; upon which Wolff remarked: 'That woman shall be my wife,' and went on with his speech."

Lady Dorothy reflects on the wives of some great men of the

past: "I do not think that woman generally played such a prominent part in social matters as now; the wives of most of the great men were often content to efface themselves. As a matter of fact, not a few of the latter were mated with somewhat humdrum, easy-going, good-natured women of small mental attainments, and apparently liked them all the better for their deficiencies. . . . Mme. Talleyrand was a case in point—a very fine woman, but so very ignorant that, when she was introduced to the celebrated French traveller Denon by her husband, she thought he was Robinson Crusoe, and inquired very particularly after his man Friday." Of another Frenchwoman of a very different type it is

written: "One of the most ingenious stratagems ever employed at a bazaar was probably that devised by the famous writer, George Sand, when holding a stall at a charitable sale in favour of distressed Poles. Baron James de Rothschild happening to pass, the fair saleswoman addressed him with the usual request to purchase something. 'What can I buy?' said the Baron. 'You have nothing that I can do anything with. But stay; an idea strikes me. Give me your autograph; sell me that.' Mme. Sand took a sheet of paper, and wrote the following words—'Received from Baron James de Rothschild the sum of one thousand francs for the benefit of the distressed Poles—GEORGE SAND.' M. de Rothschild read it, thanked her, and presenting a note for the sum mentioned, passed on with the autograph."

There is an amusing anecdote also about King Louis of Bavaria (or about the King of Prussia—Lady Dorothy is doubtful as to which of the two was concerned): "Resolving to relieve the needs of one of his poor but brave aides-de-camp, he sent him a small portfolio, bound like a book, in which were deposited five hundred crowns. Some time afterwards he met the officer, and said to him, 'Ah, well, how did you like the new work which I sent to you?' 'Excessively, sire,' replied the Colonel. 'I read it with such interest that I expect the second volume with impatience.' The King

smiled, and when the officer's birthday arrived he presented him with another portfolio, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraved upon it: 'This book is complete in two volumes.'"

To turn to a celebrity of another kind, one may remark a story about Alexis Soyer, great chef and judge of art. "Amongst other whims of his, he used to cut out patterns of his own clothing, with astonishing results. One night he presented himself at the door of the opera-house in morning dress. 'Can't admit you, Sir,' said the check-taker. 'Why?' was the laconic inquiry. 'Because —' when, looking again at Soyer, he saw that he was in dress clothes. By the simple contrivance of pulling a string, Soyer had changed in an instant the cut and fashion of his clothing, as comedians do."

There need be no fear that "Under Five Reigns" will be anything but a success; one can safely echo the publisher's announcement: "The vast number of readers who so warmly appreciated the first volume of 'Reminiscences' will, without doubt, be glad to renew their acquaintance with Lady Dorothy in the pages of this book."



MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, WHOSE NEW BOOK OF FAIRY-STORIES, "REWARDS AND FAIRIES," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

By permission of "The Illustrated London News" we are able to publish this "unconventional portrait" of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, which shows the greatest of our short-story writers with a number of his most famous creations. In the background may be seen the soldier who sang of the little Burmese with the whacking white cheroot, Mowgli, "Soldiers Three," and Kim.

FROM THE DRAWING BY CYRUS CUNEO, R.O.I.

* "Under Five Reigns." By Lady Dorothy Nevill. Edited by her Son. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.



THE CURATE (*who has just entered a crowded railway carriage on a cold winter morning*): Excuse me, my good man, but do you mind moving up a bit?

THE WORKMAN: No fear, you just warm your own bloomin' bit o' board!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE MARRIAGE OF JEAN BEURRE.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

AT exactly noon the wedding procession reached the village church of Champrond, and good Pastor Merlon let a smile of greeting wrinkle his usually stern face. At the head of the procession marched Pierre the Drummer, making all the noise he could, and then followed Jean Beurre himself with his bride, Marie Oeuf, on his arm, and after them came fathers and mothers and cousins and friends. It was just such a wedding procession as Champrond had seen many a time before, and may see this very year, except that now the bride wears a wreath of artificial orange-blossoms and a veil and white ribbons. In 1561 there were no veils, nor artificial orange-flowers, nor white ribbons, especially for peasant girls like Marie Oeuf: she was lucky to have wooden shoes and a whole garment to wear.

To-day, too, the groom manages to find a black coat and a high hat, even if he have to borrow them, but Jean Beurre wore only his homespun and home-made breeches and smock, and a hat of coarse straw. He was not handsome, but he was happy, and so was Marie.

There was no doubt whatever about the stupidity of the bride and groom. They were dull and heavy, as only peasants of France can be when all circumstances are favourable, and in Champrond in 1561 circumstances were as favourable as possible, for Jean Buerre and his forefathers for centuries had been mere serfs, and were given a little less education than a good, steady cow received. To this artificial stupidity, Jean Buerre added a splendid stock of his own natural sort. It was this that had attracted him to Marie, for she seemed the only maiden near Champrond whose stupidity was equal to his own.

The Huguenots had just obtained from Charles IX. the privilege of meeting for worship, but not within the walls of cities or towns, and for that reason the village church was built a mile beyond the edge of Champrond, not because Champrond had walls, but because Pastor Merlon was a man of peace, and would not break even the most broadly stretched spirit of the laws, and because a mile from the village there was a small wood, in which the worshippers could hide should the King change his policy suddenly while the worshippers were in the church. Such things were not unknown in those days.

So stern-faced Pastor Merlon said the words that made Jean Beurre and Marie Oeuf man and wife in the opinion of at least half of the people in the neighbourhood of Champrond. As to the other half—well, no one can satisfy everybody, and no man can be both a Huguenot and a Catholic at the same; time and Jean Beurre was satisfied that he was sufficiently married to serve all practical purposes. He considered that he had done unusually well in meeting the scruples of even half of the neighbours. He was as married as he ever wanted to be. So the wedding procession wended homeward, and after drinking more than enough of the wine of the country, Jean and Marie began their housekeeping.

They were pretty well fixed for a young couple. They had a thatched hut the size of a large dry-goods box, with a door on leather hinges on one side and a mud fireplace on the other, and a neat hole in the middle of the roof through which the smoke could go out if it wanted to. They had an iron kettle with a crack that was not very serious when stopped with clay and ashes, two earthenware bowls, and two wooden plates, and a knife filed out of a broken scythe-blade. In one corner of the hut they had as good a bag of straw to sleep on as any in the neighbourhood, and above all, they had such excellent prospects, of health and youth, that they had no doubt that in forty or fifty years they would be able to own a real copper kettle. Not a new one, of course, but one that was not very badly patched. When they were left alone, after the guests had departed, they spoke of this, and Jean said that perhaps pride was wrong, but he couldn't help saying that they were just about as nicely fixed as any young couple that had begun housekeeping in those parts in the last fifty years; that they started out with every possible necessity supplied, and that the only thing that they had to look forward to was the day when they could afford luxuries; and he did think that a nice copper kettle—a good red one, that would shine in the firelight—would make their home absolutely complete.

Then Marie said that she was well enough satisfied with things just as they were—that she was perfectly happy and contented; but that, of course, a copper kettle was a thing every woman looked forward to owning. So they both agreed to go barefoot except when they had company, in order to save wear-and-tear on their wooden shoes, so that they might own a copper kettle the quicker. Jean said he knew where there was one that was only two or three

hundred years old; it needed a couple of patches, but that was all the better, for he could probably get it for less, and they might be able to own it in thirty years, instead of forty or fifty.

They immediately began saving money; and, by eating only chestnuts and drinking only pure spring-water, they were able, that year, after paying their taxes, to put aside a whole sou—half an English penny—towards the copper kettle. But those were stirring times in France, and Jean was not so sure about putting aside so much the next year. The Duke of Guise was provoked because the King had given the Huguenots the right to set up churches, and in 1562 he started a war against the Huguenots, and things looked pretty black for those who were saving money to buy copper kettles and other luxuries. There was no telling where a war of that kind would wander to next, for it wandered all over France, and first one side won and then the other. There were fourteen armies in different parts of France, and when one would be chased by another, it was pretty sure to run into still another; and they were like fourteen red and white billiard-balls shaken about in a tub—they caromed one against another, and advanced and retreated; and the only thing they were unanimous in was living off the country.

Just about the time when Jean and Marie Beurre were ready to celebrate their first wedding anniversary, they found that Champrond had been chosen as the quarters of one of the Huguenot armies, and there was a terrible to-do in the village. The soldiers demolished the Catholic church, and the priest only saved his life by hiding in the woods. The people of the village and the neighbourhood were greatly distressed, for they all liked the priest, whether they were Catholics or Huguenots. The fact was that Champrond was a rather neutral village, being right on the border between the real Huguenot country and the real Catholic country; but this was a disadvantage rather than an advantage. Whenever one of the opposing armies wanted to get at the other, it marched through Champrond and ate everything in sight; and when it was defeated and marched back, it ate everything in sight again, and then the opposing army would follow it and eat everything that was left.

One evening, shortly after the Huguenot army had deposited itself in Champrond, Jean and Marie were sitting before their hut wondering whether they could save a sou that year or not, when they heard bugles and the tread of horses, and saw the advance guard of an army slowly coming over the rise of the hill.

"Catholics," said Jean. "We're liable to have a battle near here, if the army down at Champrond isn't careful. I wonder if I hadn't better run on ahead and tell them?"

"Certainly not!" said Marie. "Why should you bother your head about such things? I suppose a battle is just what the army at Champrond wants, isn't it? Why should you bother your head about them?"

"Well," said Jean, scratching himself behind the ear, "I had a notion a minute ago that I had an idea why I should be fonder of the Huguenots than of these others, but I have forgotten what it was. It was something about—something about—Yes, I know what it was! We were married by the Huguenots."

"What has that to do with it?" asked Marie. "Nonsense! The thing for you to do is to take the bag of chestnuts out into the field and bury it, so these fellows can't eat us out of house and home."

So Jean went into the hut and dragged out the bag of chestnuts, and went into the field to hide them. While he was gone the head of the column reached the hut, and the leader reined in his horse.

"Well, my girl," he said.

"Thank you," said Marie saucily. "I'd have you know I'm a married woman—Marie Beurre, and no girl, but married as firm as can be by the Pastor Merlon himself in the—"

"Pastor?" said the tall man, frowning. "Married by a pastor? That's no marriage, my good woman. You're the very kind of married women we are looking for—the kind married by pastors. But we'll fix that soon enough. Where is your so-called husband?"

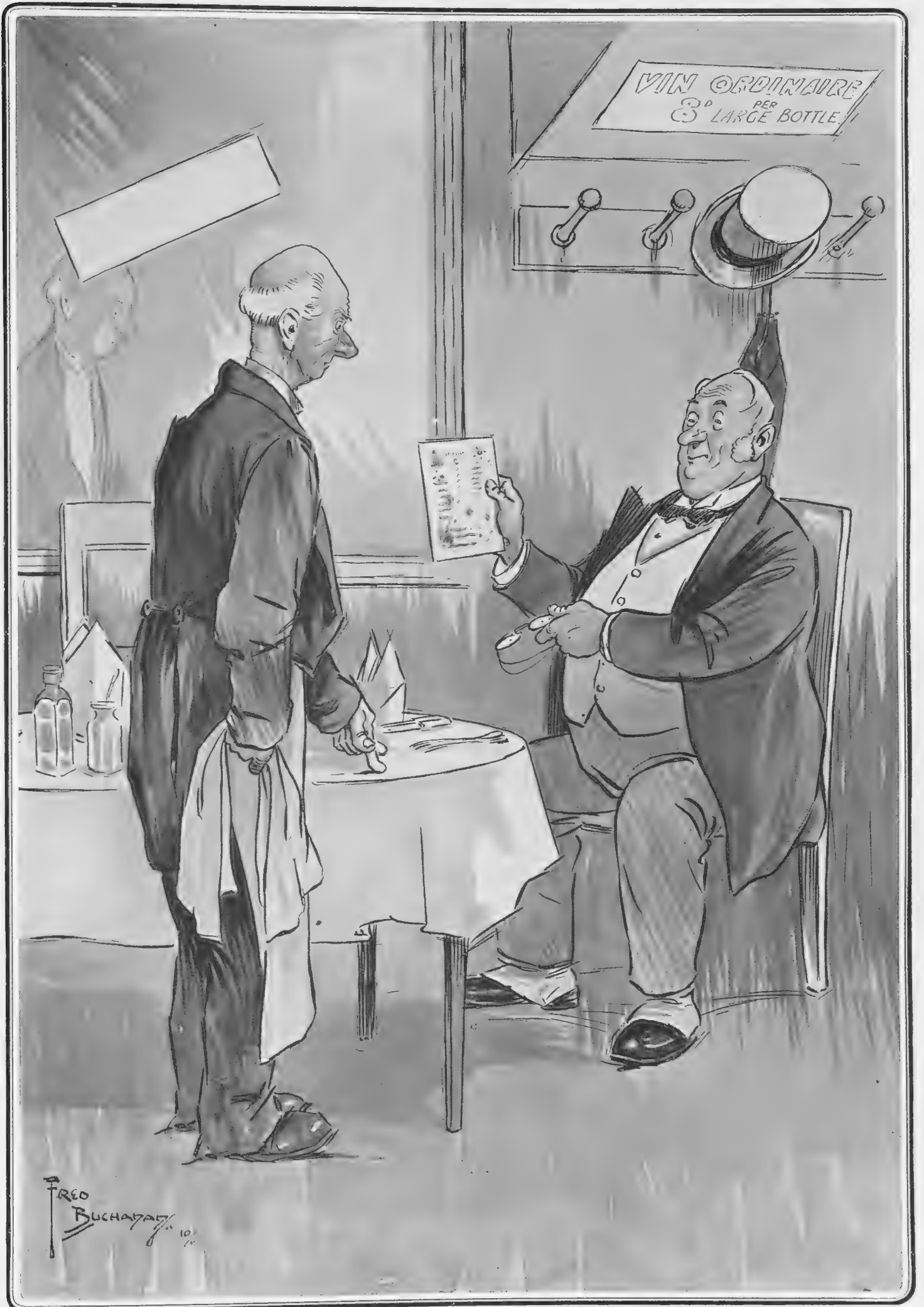
"Here," said Marie, as Jean came around the rise of the hut.

Jean stood stupidly while the soldiers tied his hands, and as stupidly while they tied Marie's hands with the same rope, and then the column moved on towards Champrond, a horseman leading the couple by the end of the long rope.

The soldiers were a little careless about peasants in those days, and about everything else, and Jean and Marie did not know what awaited them at Champrond; but they trudged along in the dust in

[Continued overleaf.]

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.



THE CUSTOMER (at a very second-class restaurant): That's a good idea, waiter. Samples of the different dishes glued on to the menu

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

stolid silence. Whatever was going to happen would undoubtedly happen.

At the small wood where the Huguenot chapel stood the line halted long enough for the soldiers to strike fire from flint and steel and burn the chapel neatly to the ground, and then Marie and Jean and some dozen other peasants that had been collected en route were passed to the rear of the army, a line of battle was formed, and the advance on Champrond continued. When the village was reached there was a little skirmishing, a few shots were fired, and the victorious Catholic army entered the village. Marie and Jean were put in a large room in a house on the village's only street, and the other collected peasants were locked in with them, and there they spent the night.

At the first glow of morning the door opened and the good old Catholic priest entered.

"My children," he said, "I come on a duty that is a pleasant one for me. I am happy to say that I am commissioned to rescue you from a—a state of sin, which you, in your ignorance, have been living in. You are all to be made very happy. You are all to be united in holy wedlock."

"Hey?" said all the imprisoned peasants.

"But we *are* married," said Jean. "Ain't we, Marie?"

"Of a certainty," said Marie.

"Not at all," said the old priest, firmly but kindly. "I cannot expect persons of your limited intelligence to understand me should I undertake a thorough explanation of the origin of holy matrimony and the manner in which it was confided to the hands of such as I; but I assure you you are not married."

"Marie," said Jean, "don't you *remember* being married?"

"But, surely!" said Marie. "Only last year."

"Yes," said Jean, "I was sure I had not made a mistake. A man doesn't forget such a thing."

"My children," said the good old priest, "do not worry your minds trying to understand what is beyond your comprehension. You are *not* married. You may have passed through a form which you thought was marriage; but it was not. I am commanded by the General of the army which has brought you in to marry you properly."

It was true. He was constrained by the victorious troops to pass through the nuptial ceremony all who had been united by the parson Merlon.

"And if we refuse?" asked Marie.

The priest drew his finger across his throat.

"Very well," said Jean, "we will be married."

By the time the banns had been properly read in the temporary village church Jean and Marie had become pretty well accustomed to the idea of being married again, and they would not have minded at all had it not been for the necessary expense, for one cannot be married without expense; but this time they were well and soundly married, and they felt they were now as properly married as any couple in the world, and they set their minds firmly on the task of saving money with which to buy a copper kettle. The troop moved on past Champrond, and the country settled down to its normal pursuits.

Unfortunately, one of its normal pursuits was the pursuit of one army by another, and before the year had ended Jean was awakened one night by the clatter of hoofs on the East Road, and, going quickly to the door, he saw it was the Catholic army in full retreat. In the morning he was awakened by a tap at the door.

"Jean Beurre?" inquired the soldier who stood there.

"The same," said Jean. "And you want?"

"I want *you*," said the trooper gruffly, "and your consort, one Marie; called Marie Beurre, born Oeuf. Hurry up and get your clothes on and get married."

"Married?" exclaimed Jean Beurre. "But I am married!"

"Nonsense! Foolishness! Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the trooper. "Don't talk to me about being married. Do you call a rigmarole by a priest being married? We don't. Hasten, and in half an hour you will be properly married by the good Huguenot method, right and tight and for ever."

"What is it, Jean?" asked Marie.

"Oh, nothing, nothing much," said Jean with a sigh. "It's just another wedding day for us. We're to be married."

It was useless to protest. It was useless to explain that they had been married twice already; they had admitted that their last marriage was by the priest—very well, that had to be corrected. In the grey light of the morning Jean and Marie walked down to Champrond, and were snugly married and paid their marriage tax.

As the long war went on, the fourteen armies swung hither and thither, and every once in a while one would sweep bravely into Champrond and marry Jean and Marie properly. On an average, they were married about once a year, and it kept up until they began to hate the sound of a bugle, and if old father Clabot happened to blow his nose loudly as he passed on his way to market in the early morning, Jean and Marie would scramble out of bed and dress and put on their wedding clothes. It was a regular nuisance. Some days, when the war was particularly lively, they would not be able to get out of town after being through a Catholic wedding before they would be halted and made to go through a Huguenot one.

They got so confused and mixed up that after a while they lost track and did not wait to be called to Champrond, and as soon as

they heard bugles they would go and be married, and sometimes they were married three times in succession by different Huguenot parsons in one week. It was bad for their agriculture, for Jean had to spend more time getting married than farming.

As the war continued and the years passed, and they had six strong, healthy, stupid children pretty well grown up, things began to wear on Marie's temper, for she saw that if weddings kept on she would never have a copper kettle; and there was no hope of anything else, for Jean was as strong and healthy as ever, and she was getting more and more solidly married to him every week or so. She began to be sharp-tongued and to say spiteful things.

Matters went on this way, and they kept going from bad to worse. Sometimes Jean and Marie would not be married for over a year, and then, again, they would be married twice in a month; but all the time Marie grew more sharp-tongued and crabbed, and Jean grew more and more discouraged. He thought she might at least be pleasant during the honeymoon, but she wasn't. She made Jean's life a perfect burden to him, she was so ugly-tempered, and at length he felt he could stand it no longer—he would just end it all.

That was easy enough. All he had to do was to refuse to be married the next time an army swept through Champrond; the army would do the rest for him.

He did not have to wait long; armies were always passing that way; and one came into the village with banners flying and drums beating soon after he had made up his mind. All that was necessary was to refuse to be married again—he remembered how the good old priest had drawn his finger across his throat that day.

The swashbuckling Captain stood in the public square of Champrond and curled his long moustache.

"Well, well!" he said impatiently, shaking the list he held in his hand, "where is this Jean Beurre and his wife Marie? Here we have all the rest of the happy couples; why are we kept waiting for them?"

"Pardon, Sire," said his attendant, "but this Jean Beurre is coming very unwillingly. He is refusing to be married."

It was evident, when Jean Beurre appeared, that he was refusing to be married. Three stout troopers were pushing him, and Jean Beurre, his sullen face set in a frown, was holding back whenever his feet touched the ground.

"Now what does this mean?" asked the Captain, when Jean Beurre had been pushed and pulled to a spot before him. Jean looked sullenly at the ground.

"Oh, well," said the Captain carelessly, "you know you have the choice. You can be married or not. Married or——"

"He was very rough and rude," said one of the troopers.

"Yes?" inquired the Captain. "Well, Jean Beurre, you shall have your choice: be married, or be boiled in oil."

"I have been married enough," he muttered.

"You are not a married man at all," said the Captain. "Your last marriage was contrary to the laws of our Church. You——"

"Good, then," said Jean Beurre; "I'll be a bachelor."

"Married, or boiled in oil," said the Captain.

Jean Beurre stood with his head cast down. Suddenly he looked up.

"I'll be married," he said. "But this marriage business is getting so monotonous. Always the same thing. This time I'll marry someone else."

Marie Beurre stepped forward with her hands clinched. The trooper pushed her back.

"Married to the same woman, or boiled in oil," said the Captain.

Again Jean Beurre hesitated. He looked at Marie and opened his mouth to speak, but Marie had torn away from the grasp of the trooper and had flung herself at the Captain's feet.

"Oh, Sire!" she cried. "Think, think! If he is killed, I shall be a widow! I ask but one boon."

"What is it?" asked the Captain.

Marie cast a glance of hatred at Jean Beurre.

"Sire," she cried, "if you boil him in oil in a copper kettle, may I have the kettle? I shall be a widow, Sire."

The Captain hesitated.

"Yes," he said at length, and Marie arose. She turned her face toward Jean Beurre, but he kept his steadfastly turned away. He did not see the gleam of triumph that shone in her eyes, but he knew it was there. He let his stupid mind fumble over the idea of being boiled in oil and over the idea of going back to live with Marie after what had happened—going back to live with a Marie deprived of a copper kettle. Of course, he was only a stupid peasant. He leaned forward and muttered to the Captain. Marie uttered a loud cry.

Last year, when I was in Champrond they showed me the old cemetery where Jean Beurre lies buried, and told me this story, but when he reached this point in it my guide shrugged his shoulders.

"They say it is not known of a positiveness whether Jean Beurre died in his bed or in the kettle of oil," he said; "but Monsieur will know better. There would be but one thing poor Jean Beurre could say—flesh is weak, Monsieur."

"Of course," I said thoughtfully, "he could only say one thing."

"Of a truth!" agreed my guide. "One thing—or the other."

THE END.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

AT Appleton House, Queen Maud of Norway finds the English aspect and atmosphere she learnt to love in her girlhood. Appleton is her own, the gift of King Edward on the occasion of her marriage, and possessed of attractions well calculated to draw her back to this country on frequent visits. Built on the site of an older structure by Edward VII., the place is well furnished with legends of Royalist and Roundhead, although the bricks and the bric-à-brac of the period have for the most part disappeared. It was at Appleton that Roger le Strange disclosed the plans of a rally round Charles I. to Captain Thomas, and only discovered his mistake when the doughty Cromwellian clapped him in irons. Queen Maud, who will be followed to England by King Haakon later in the year, is never happier than when she resumes the rôle of an Englishwoman—a rôle she is said to have perfected by the assumption of the name "Miss Mills" when travelling incognito in her Princess Maud days.

Mr. Bryce on the Lords. There is a tradition in the United States—established on fair grounds—that English Ambassadors are indiscreet. Mr. Bryce, however, has given no opening to the critics, and has started on his journey of many days and a dozen ports, with England at the end, without a single indiscretion to his name. Certain malcontents have turned, in default, on Mrs. Bryce, and aver that she made, according to a third-hand rumour, remarks to a lady friend during her last visit to England that would have been better unsaid. Such charges can be safely left to lose themselves in their own mistiness. Mr. Bryce, for all his discretion, has very lively convictions, and even in the rarefied atmosphere of a chemical society's dinner managed to express them. "It is natural enough," he said, "that a substance so inert as argon was discovered by a member of the House of Lords"—Lord Rayleigh.

Men and Bottles. The German is an incorrigible tourist, as Venice and Egypt and all show-places know; the German-American is still fonder of his travels, and the crowded liners returning to the States are very much aware of him. Mr. Alton B. Parker, the lawyer and one-time Presidential candidate, has been commenting on the fact. "These solid, intelligent, industrious men are a great boon to the country," he said; "at the same time,

there are a lot of them. On the boat my neighbour in the dining-saloon picked up a card the first day out and, glancing down it, said to the steward: 'Steward, my wife and I will have a bottle of seltzer, a half-bottle of niersteiner, and a half-bottle of oppenheimer.' 'Beg pardon,' said the steward, 'that isn't the wine-card, Sir. That's the passenger-list.'"



MINISTERIAL INTEREST: THE HOME SECRETARY AND THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER WATCH THE EFFECT OF MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S BRASSEY SHOT.



UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION: MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL PUTTING, WHILE MR. LLOYD-GEORGE FACES THE CAMERA.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IN FORM (NOT FORM FOUR), MR. LLOYD GEORGE MAKES A CLEAN PUTT.

During their recent visit to Mr. Lloyd George at the latter's country house at Criccieth, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill spent much of their time with their host upon the golf-links. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George and their family have since left Criccieth for London.—[Photographs by W.G.P.]

Distant Table-Lands. Mr. Patten, the American wheat speculator, and the latest recruit to the crusade against American extravagance, will be glad to note that the fast steamers have introduced one economy to New York households. A pheasant shot in England can now be hung in an Atlantic larder, and eaten on the other side in prime condition. It was different thirty years ago. At a famous Astor ball the pheasants and grouse that decked the tables had been imported alive, and a fashion

was, it is said, then set for a food by no means inexpensive. "Too fresh, dear; as tasteless as chicken," is, since the advent of the four-day boats, a criticism that the New York wife may encounter when she provides game that fell over Sussex coverts.

A Wedding in High Life. Miss Violet Phillips, the tallest bride of a tall season, was married on Monday at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Captain Rory Slacke, son of Sir Owen Slacke, and secretary of Lord Ninian Stuart. With a pretty talent as a playwright, as yet unrevealed to the managers, Mr. Slacke displayed his platform talents during Lord Ninian's late Parliamentary campaign. That Monday's bride was the tallest of her year was the less noticeable in St. Paul's on account of the presence of her step-mother, Mrs. Phillips, whose beauty shines from a height unparalleled.

Sudden Birth of Lord Mexborough. Lady Dorothy Nevill's

anecdote of her sister, who was at a ball till within an hour and a half of the birth of her son, the present Lord Mexborough, is easily capped, or, we might say, "shortened." A cousin of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's made a more sudden appearance, for his mother, Mrs. Poynter (afterwards Lady Poynter), was dining at the house of a friend at the time. They stayed the night—and some others as well—beneath the roof of an hospitable but astonished host.



By HENRY LEACH.

Man v. Lady. One of the most splendid novelties in the way of exhibition golf play is taking place this week, when the much-discussed match between Mr. Harold Hilton and Miss Cecilia Leitch is decided, thirty-six holes being played at Walton Heath to begin with, and thirty-six more to settle the matter on the glorious course of the Sunningdale Club, finest and most interesting of all the inland courses round London, and a little better now than it has ever been before. I mention Mr. Hilton's name before the lady's because he is giving the odds, the said odds being nothing less considerable than a half. Now, a half is really very, very much, and I impress the point upon you because I find too many people have got into the way of talking about this match and considering the lady's chances as if she were playing the man on level terms, this sub-conscious sort of impression not being altogether complimentary to the golf played by the sex to which I am apportioned. Just remember that there are readers of this page who, while not yet being quite scratch, might say they would play anybody on earth for anything they liked—in reason—if they were given a half. Such a swashbuckling sort of golfer might, most probably, have to pay up if he had Braid or Taylor on one of their good days to deal with, but it is not for anyone to say that he would not be justified in making the challenge if he were playing his best game at the time, because, as I have observed, a half is very, very much.

The Question of Odds. Many people say that a half is too much, and that Mr. Hilton cannot give it to the lady. Some of the best of the professionals have said this. I believe that James Braid thinks that Miss Leitch will win; but, of course, there are many equally good judges who believe that if each plays his or her best Mr. Hilton must conquer. Of course, if one plays his or her best and the other does not, the former is almost certain to triumph, for there is nothing to give away on either side. It has generally been considered that the proper odds in a match of this kind between the best of either sex are a third to be given to the lady; but I believe that Mr. Hilton himself, some time ago, gave another great lady player a half and beat her. Then it has been reported that, quite lately, Mr. E. A. Lassen played a series of matches against Miss Leitch on her home course at Silloth and an adjacent one at Seascale, giving her a third, and won most of the games easily,

losing only one. Mr. Lassen was the amateur champion of two years ago, and is a remarkably good and steady player; but perhaps Mr. Hilton is better for a job of this kind, and such advantage as Miss Leitch could have anywhere in the matter of courses she had on these occasions. On the other hand, it is set down that

the great J. H. Taylor once gave the celebrated Miss Rhona Adair (now Mrs. Cuthell) a half when playing on his own course, and only just beat her, though he did a splendid round of seventy-three. On the whole, past performances do not help us much in a consideration of the chances of this week's match. It has been urged that the great length of the Walton Heath and Sunningdale courses is against the lady, and this seems very reasonable, since the fair sex can surely not drive so far as the sterner, and

it is an upsetting thing to be playing the odd all the time; but some say that the advantage which the man may gain in this matter is much exaggerated, and that, on the other hand, ladies generally are very, very good in the short game, which is true; and that Miss Leitch, in particular, is remarkably clever at the running-up shot, which is one that pays splendidly at Walton Heath.

The Lady's Achievements.

There is this to be said also, that Miss Leitch likes Walton Heath, and numbers it as one of her favourite courses. However, that may be to some extent due to the fact that, at one of the very few ladies' competition meetings that have been held there, she had the fortune to establish the ladies' competition record—84. This score seems rather many, especially for a record, but it is very hard to do Walton Heath low down in the eighties. She has made records, besides, on her home course at Silloth, and at the Bridge of Allan course in Scotland. All this, and the fact that she has been in the semi-final of the ladies' championship, is generally regarded as being quite good enough to win that event, and has won prizes both at tennis and hockey, make quite a good list of achievements for a girl not yet twenty. Her style at golf is quite good, her finish on the tee being a full one and abounding in grace. Her chief weakness is a strong tendency to slacken in her efforts when she is two or three holes up on her opponent. Those who think that Mr. Hilton will give her the half and beat her attach some importance to their idea that it will be a severe ordeal for her to play against a man like this and before a great crowd.



THE WINNER OF THE £240 GOLF TOURNAMENT: SHERLOCK PUTTING AT THE SEVENTH GREEN DURING THE PLAY AT SUNNINGDALE.

The £240 Golf Tournament at Sunningdale resulted in a win for J. G. Sherlock, of Stoke Poges, who beat George Duncan, of Hanger Hill, by 8 and 6. Sherlock is thirty-five, and was born at High Wycombe. Before being with the Stoke Poges Golf Club he was with the Oxford University Golf Club. He was eighth in the Open Championship in 1905, and sixth in the Open Championship of 1904.—[Photograph by M. Dixon.]



THE YOUNG GOLFER WHO BEAT J. H. TAYLOR, AND WAS BEATEN BY DUNCAN IN THE SEMI-FINAL: C. HUGHES.

C. Hughes, of Chester, is only twenty, and is of so slight a build that it is remarkable that he can make the lengthy hits he does. He appears to be somewhat lame, and this makes his success more remarkable still. He played splendidly.

Photograph by Sport and General.



THE 'GREAT' £240 GOLF TOURNAMENT AT SUNNINGDALE: A SCENE AT THE SEVENTH GREEN DURING THE PLAY.

Photograph by M. Dixon.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

The 1911 15-h.p. Napier—Many Improvements.

The 1911 15-h.p. Napier is certain to attract much attention at Olympia. The favour in which the London cab-using public hold the Napier four-cylinder cabs has made the sweet, quiet-running qualities of this car very widely known and appreciated. For a medium-powered, medium-priced car it is hard to beat. The new 15-h.p. quite bristles with refinements and improvements. For instance, the wheel-base has been increased to 9 ft. 10 in., while the engine, though still raked to lessen the angle of the propeller-shaft, is placed quite clear of the dashboard. The magneto has been moved from the left-hand side of the crank-chamber, and set most accessibly across the front of the engine; while advance and retard mechanism, operated by lever from the steering-wheel, is now provided. The high-tension leads are enclosed and protected by aluminium casings. Thermosiphon cooling has been substituted for pumped circulation, the radiator being increased in volume. The multi-disc clutch—long time a great and successful feature of Napier cars—is now contained in a separate casing, and uses its own oil. The springing has been greatly improved by lengthening and widening the springs, while all spring shackle-joints have hollow pins, with grease lubricators attached. Certainly the 1911 15-h.p. Napier should not be missed at the Show.

As Good as Mail of Milan!

English motorists enjoy a choice of the cars and tyres of all countries. Italy has long sent us excellent motor-cars, and now the Land of Song competes in our open market with Pirelli tyres, manufactured upon the latest scientific principles by the well-known Pirelli Company of Milan. The reputation which that ancient city once possessed for harness of proof is now being maintained and repeated in cars and tyres. That the quality is undeniable is proved by the award of the highest honour the judges of the Brussels Exhibition could make—to wit, the Grand Prix. Pirelli tyres issued with a great reputation from Prince Borghese's historical drive from Peking to Paris, and they were also used by Signor Scarfolio on his run from New York to the Chinese capital. I have carefully examined these tyres, and find that the treads are soft, resilient, and well calculated to give a long-user. The human element is, I understand, practically eliminated in the course of their manufacture, a fact making for evenness of quality throughout.

Official Rapacity. In addition to a meagre knowledge of the conditions surrounding the matters they are presumed to administer, local officials appear always to regard the rate- and taxpayer as squeezable game, altogether apart from his just liabilities. In connection with the present clumsy system of taxing motor-cars, instances of this undesirable and over-zealous greed are signalled from all over the country, and complaints with regard to

the hardships of the new motor taxation are heard on every side. Many local authorities have attempted, and are still attempting, to force the car-owner who took out a license for his car early in the year, and disposed of it before June 30 last, to take out yet another license and pay increased duty. In some districts a circular has been issued distinctly stating that motorists who have disposed of their cars before the date above quoted are compelled by the Finance Act to take out licenses after that date. Another point on which some of the Local Revenue authorities have apparently erred is in maintaining that the amount paid for a license taken out earlier in the year for a car disposed of before June 30 could not be taken into account upon application for a license in respect of a new car bought after June 30.

Checked by the Treasury.

Now it has been held by all entitled to interpret the Act that the higher scale of duties applied only to cars in use after July 1, and that any license for a car previously owned in this year could be presented and the rebate claimed when obtaining the license for the new car. In order to set this matter permanently at rest, and to check the rapacity of ignorant officials, the Motor Union has addressed the Treasury upon the subject, and asked for a correct interpretation of the taxation clauses. The reply of the Treasury was just what was expected by those whose consideration of the clauses was not blinded by a desire to swell Revenue returns. It was to the effect that the fee paid for the original license for the car sold before June 30 should form part of the larger fee due thereafter, and that in the case of a car sold for good and all before that date no further payment could be demanded.

Abuse No Advertisement.

It would surely be thought that guide-book publishers would expect to find a very considerable public among motor-tourists to-day, and that the compilers of these works would not be permitted to make their pages the vehicle for spiteful attacks on motorists. I quote from one of these books, a most readable and informative little volume dealing with Surrey: "The Surrey

main roads of to-day are for the most part excellent—indeed, those who drive, cycle, or walk cannot fail to wish from time to time that they were not so good, for they are often sorely hustled by the rush and tear of the most selfish and wealthy class of motorists, who find these Surrey roads the best adapted in England for their senseless pastime of excessive speed, which makes intelligent observation an impossibility," and so on. Now, this snarl has but little

foundation in fact to-day, and is, moreover, largely incorrect, for the reason that, of nearly all the roads of English counties, those of Surrey are the least adaptable to, or desirable for, speed-driving.



A BICYCLE WITHOUT FORKS: A MACHINE THAT HAS ONLY ONE SUPPORT FOR EACH WHEEL.

It is claimed for this new machine, which weighs twenty pounds, that it is exceptionally easy to take off and to put on tyres, while the inventor says that by omitting the right support of the front wheel and the left support of the back wheel, perfect balance and safety are assured.—[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]



AUTOMOBILE STREET-CLEANERS: THE NEW MOTOR-SWEEPERS OF THE CITY OF PARIS.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

[Continued on a later page.]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

The Cesarewitch. We do not get half enough good long-distance races in this country. Owners seemingly fight shy of them, as horses are apt to go wrong in their training when galloped two miles or over on dry ground. More's the pity, as races like the Great Metropolitan, the Chester Cup, and, last though by no means least, the Cesarewitch, are always worth watching. Unfortunately, the start for the last-named race is never seen from the Rowley Mile Stands, as it takes place on the other side of the Ditch. However, from the time the horses come through the Gap until the winning-post is reached all is excitement, and many a revolution has taken place even after the Bushes have been passed. It is one of the few races that fairly test the stamina of a thoroughbred. In the case of the Great Metropolitan and the Chester Cup, the contests are decided on circular courses that allow of non-stayers scoring, but not so the Cesarewitch. Like the Grand National, it goes to the stout-hearted horses that have been trained to the hour. I always watch the race from the opposite side of the course, where you can get a good view both of the race and the finish. But even at that favourable spot it is useless to try and anticipate Judge Robinson when the result is a close one. I remember a few years back a jockey told me he was certain he had won by a good half-length when the judge had given it a neck against him. I happened to be well placed that day, and in my opinion the judge was right to the inch. This year the contest will be quite up to the average, and it may be that the winner will spring from the outside ranks, as was the case last year, when Submit shattered the hopes of the plungers. My selection will be found in another column.

Jockeys' Wealth. The rumour that the late Tommy Loates, the well-known jockey, left a fortune of a quarter of a million, was, of course, a canard. Loates made money fast at one time, and, riding as he did for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, it can be taken for granted that he had good advice as to the investing of his savings. Even then he could not possibly have accumulated anything like the sum suggested. Careful jockeys can and do make fortunes. The late Fred Archer left a big sum; while it was said in a law case many years ago that Charles Wood, who now trains and owns horses, was worth at least £150,000. The late George Fordham, whom I knew well, made two or three fortunes, and lost them again through unfortunate speculations. Of the jockeys riding at the present, Maher must be very rich, and I believe he does not waste much money. He is, I hear, a lucky investor. There is one man at Newmarket to-day who is desperately hard up. A few years back he was worth

at least £30,000, and was a most successful jockey. He did not drink or gamble, but met with several aggravating bits of ill-luck in his business. The apprentice system is a good one in many respects, but I do think that at least 50 per cent. of the apprentices' earnings should be given them, or, rather, should be invested for their benefit, to become their own at, say, the age of twenty-six. It will hardly be believed that during the last ten years some trainers have made £3000 per annum out of their apprentices.

The Ring. One leading member of the laying fraternity has lately published an article dealing with reminiscences. These are, of course, highly interesting; so much so that many of us are asking for more. I, for one, should very much like to read a book from the pen of Mr. Slowburn, containing a résumé of all that goes on in the ring. Let it be thorough, telling us "How favourites are peppered," "How bad debts are contracted," "Why some winners, that on paper look to have good chances, are allowed to start at outside prices," "Who it is that really finds the leading bookies their luxuries"; and so on and so forth. I am certain that a "Book by a Bookmaker" would sell like hot cakes; and no one that I can think of at the present moment would be better qualified to become its author than Mr. Slowburn,

who is one of the quietest, nicest, and 'cutest members of the Ring. Mr. Slowburn does an immense business, but his voice is seldom heard much above a whisper. He works at one pace, and is never the least bit flurried or worried. He makes his own prices according

to his own book, and is prepared to take on all comers, whether they bet in pounds, ponies, or monkeys. He knows the form of all his clients to an ounce. In dealing with a big professional backer, he plays the game boldly, and I dare say he is influenced by the fact that often big commissions are worked on behalf of harebrained young owners who could not speak with any certainty of the chances held by their horses. At times, however, he will field against a horse that eventually proves to be the winner. Report had it that he laid heavily against Swynford for the St. Leger and made his book for Bronzino. The result showed that he had a monopoly of the knowledge, but not of the luck. Many good judges maintain to this day that Bronzino ought to have won comfortably. It should be added that Mr. Slowburn can write as well as he can

lay the odds. He has a pretty anecdotal style. I shall look forward with interest to the time when we can refer to "Slowburn, the celebrated author."

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



SPEARING FISH IN KASHMIR: A NATIVE ANGLER.

This method of fishing is practised by the natives in parts of Kashmir. The small boy in the stern paddles the boat along noiselessly, while the man with the spear stands at the bow and gazes into the crystal-clear water. When he sees a fish dart from one clump of reeds to another he strikes, and in nine cases out of ten he succeeds in spearing his quarry. The fish thus caught are usually about eighteen inches in length.



PARIS BOARDED BY "GERMANS"! MOUNTED SANDWICHMEN IN GERMAN UNIFORMS CAUSE A SENSATION IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

Much amusement was caused in Paris the other day by an ingenious advertisement. There was a mild sensation when two mounted men in German military uniforms appeared on the boulevards, but any momentary uneasiness the bystanders may have felt was dispelled when it was seen that they were merely sandwichmen on horseback.—[Photograph by Rol.]

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

German Fräuleins and English Misses.

Abroad, at any rate, the English "Miss"—as they persist in calling her—has the reputation of possessing all the virtues, all the proprieties, all the accomplishments. Why, if it were not so, should you never catch sight of a white-clad child of the upper classes in France, Germany, Austria, or Russia without the inevitable Miss towing it, so to speak, the way it should go? If the child is in the bib stage of existence, it has an English nurse; if it has progressed into pinafores, an English governess directs it into the thorny path of Books. The Mees is held, universally, to be more trustworthy, more devoted to the rites of the tub, more equable, more cheerful, than her European counterparts. It is only in this island that you will find the English girl compared unfavourably with certain Continentals, particularly Germans. Now the young female Teuton is a good, cheerful soul, who perpetrates fearful things in the kitchen, and goes out to balls with her head wrapped in a woollen comforter and her dancing-shoes under her arm; but no one can regard her as a type to be slavishly imitated. Her incurable sentimentality ill equips her for the struggle of life, and particularly for the struggle with her masterful and material mate, the modern male Teuton. We are assured that she is not ashamed to go to market and carry home carrots and onions in a string bag, but is this laudable proceeding really the end and aim of modern Womanhood? The English girl may not be so learned nor so economical, but as a healthy, happy, well-poised young specimen of the human genus she is certainly superior.

The Man Who Gets His Money's-Worth.

The intrepid travellers who recently brought an action against a steamship company for giving them an unventilated cabin deserve the thanks of all those who go down to the sea in ships. We English are much too apt to put up with discomforts once we go aboard a steamer. We may be a nation of Vikings, but our arrangements on ships are sometimes as primitive as those of our Scandinavian forebears. Americans, it is notorious, will not travel on our old and crusty "lines," on which a paternal government and bad cooking are the rule. Needless to say, the English Atlantic liners, which have to compete with the German and American, are all as luxurious and modern as the heart of multi-millionaire could desire. It is the American who sets the standard of comfort (and, alas! of prices), and not the Englishman nowadays. Formerly, on sea and land, it was the travelling Milor who had to be catered for; now the impecunious Milor has to make shift with anything, while the pork-packer's lady crosses the ocean in a Louis XV. bed, bathes in a private marble bath, and dines every night in a "Ritz" restaurant. The American demands air, space, baths, libraries, and a French cuisine, and they are provided for him. If he spends lavishly,

he most certainly gets, more than the people of any other race, his money's worth.

The Real Censor of Plays.

We are always hearing of this individual or that—not excepting the most exalted person in the land—as responsible for certain plays being ended or mended; but the real censor of the drama seems to

me to be the young man with his hand on the telephone at the libraries. For it is he, after all, who can make the success or failure of a piece. The gallery, the pit, and the dress-circle will not go to a theatre unless the stalls are full, and the stalls of London theatres, after the first week, are occupied by people up from the country or the outer suburbs. These excellent folk are always in a hurry when they come to town, so what more natural than that they should go straight to the theatrical ticket agents? Then ensues the following scene—

STOUT, SLIGHTLY BEWILDERED LADY (with many slim daughters): "Can I have stalls to-night for 'Hamlet' or Pinero's new play, please? We want six. Six in a row, and all together."

BLAND YOUNG MAN (after a brief conversation through the telephone): "Sorry, but there's nothing left. I can give you six stalls—second row—for 'The Girl on the Aeroplane.' Oh, yes, quite the piece to see. Shall I book them? Certainly. Three pounds nine shillings."

The stout lady in a hurry accepts this change in her evening's entertainment without a murmur, and thus "The Girl on the Aeroplane" is started on her giddy theatrical flight. If I were a writer of plays I should try to secure the approbation of the bland young man at the libraries.

The Lady with the Crown.

There is something infinitely touching and human in the story of the finding of an embalmed Roman lady in a tomb in Palestine, with a tiara on her head, and round her throat as many as four necklaces. Here was a high-born woman, in exile, who loved her gewgaws so much she would not be buried without them. The passion for jewels and ornaments is so innate in all women, both savage and civilised, though in some modern women it is suppressed, that there must be some fundamental, possibly some psychic, reason for it. The smallest girl-baby will smile if you fasten a string of cheap corals round her creased, fat neck; there is no

dowager so old who will not prefer a sparkling bracelet as a present rather than the most brilliant book. Many young brides would rather have sapphires than settlements; and seeing that, under the law, the jewels do not even legally belong to them, they indulge their feminine passion for ornaments at the cost of their own future welfare. Possibly the Roman lady who was found the other day decked in her glittering crown and jewelled chains had an indulgent husband who gave her jewels for life—and death.



A CHARMING GOWN FOR EVENING WEAR, OF NINON,
WITH FINE LACE AND BEADED NET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Golden Autumn. The best weather of the year is this wonderful golden autumn. House parties are going splendidly because of it; guests are finding the country perfect just now. Tussock coats and skirts are being worn with greater comfort than in summer. Women who are shooting partridges and pheasants are complaining of the heat, and those whose meets for cubbing are as late as 8.30 a.m. are sweltering in their thick autumn habits and coats by eleven. Still, there is no complaint; we all want it to last and shorten the winter.

Lariette Is the name of the latest thing in perfumes, which, with appropriate alliterativeness, is made by Messrs. L. T. Piver, 9-10, Edward Street, Soho. The name was, in the days of Louis XVI., given to light, fascinating songs that were then in great vogue. The idea is that the perfume is of the subtle, dainty refinement that characterised the Court of those days, and it is admirably conveyed by the scent. There are soap and face-powder to accompany it, so that the well-turned-out woman may be uniform from the olfactory standpoint. To keep the matter still more consistent, the series is got up with hand-painted Louis XVI. designs of the flowers distilled to make the perfume, in graceful garlands. Artistically illustrated note-paper sachets perfumed with Lariette will be sent post free to any lady applying to the manager at above address.

Under Six Reigns. This is one more than is treated of in Lady Dorothy Nevill's newest volume of Reminiscences, which everyone is reading and talking of just now. It refers, however, to the existence under six Sovereigns of the firm of Mortimer Bros., dyers and cleaners, of Coburg Street, Plymouth, with branch establishments in many a big town and 2500 agencies in all parts of the kingdom. A great business has been built up in this time, and under our present most Gracious King the fame of the firm is world-wide.

The World's Furs for Women. Only foolish ladies leave the selection of their furs until the cold weather is upon them. Now they can choose what they like at their leisure and their pleasure; then, they run grave risk of having to take what they can get in the exigencies of a rush. There is no reason for procrastination, because the modes in fur for the season are revealed. The remarkable source of the world's greatest supply of fine furs and fur garments is the great firm of Révillon Frères. There is now to be seen in their artistic salons in Regent Street a complete exposition of the styles for the coming season. Very lovely they are; one coat, long to the hem of the gown, is of caracul, as soft and supple as crêpe-de-Chine, with a satin-like sheen on its coal-black surface. There is a deep fichu-shaped collar, and at either side of the clinging coat are bands of silk gimp embroidery. This is a rich and beautiful coat, and it is lined with grey-green brocade. The coats are almost all long. Only one I saw three-quarter length—of moleskin, and that dressed so as to give long bands of light and dark—an effect produced by mounting the fur the reverse and the right way. It was wonderfully becoming to the figure, light, and rich-looking. Another of these was of seal-dyed musquash, with a deep fichu-shaped collar of real ermine, worked without tails. This was lined with rich, soft brocade, and the collar was bordered with skunk. A long coat of fine caracul, with a collar trimmed with skunk, was covetable, the lines were so good and the style so becoming. Another coat to the dress-hem had the

fronts rounded, and had a collar of ermine, this time with some tails used effectively as trimming, and the collar edged with skunk. Quite a capital effect was obtained by a deep collar of natural badger falling squarely at the back—a full, rich, tawny, black-pointed fur, and quite a novelty. A long seal-musquash coat, with revers of white natural caracul, has a serviceable hood lined with this fur and finished with long brown cords and tassels. This made a charming finish at the back when not in use. There were many shaped collars, and in seal-musquash excellent effects were produced with reverse dressing of the fur. The variety was practically endless. Sable will be much worn; so will seal-musquash with trimmings of other furs. Skunk is in great demand; sets of it and of fox—black, white, and smoked—are charming and of many styles.

Révillon Frères are making a specialty of moleskin, which is a light fur, suitable for walking wear. Altogether, there is every reason to rejoice over the great beauty of furs, the perfection of style attained in making them up, and their becomingness and distinction.

A Desirable Distemper.

I often wish that a thing so pretty, so fresh, and so wholesome had a nicer name. Of course, no one associates such a favourite and so satisfactory a mural decoration as Hall's Distemper with a disordered system. We all know that it means what is most charming, artistic, hygienic, and lasting for the walls of our home, and that the second definition of the word—painting in which the colours are mixed in a special way—is what applies to it. So far from its having anything to do with disorders, it prevents them. Far more harmonious and delightful to live with than wall-papers, it possesses numerous other advantages; foremost among them, it is washable, and is a destroyer of malevolent microbes. So desirable is Hall's Distemper that Messrs. Sissons, Bros. and Co., who manufacture it, have been awarded a gold medal for its excellence at the Brussels Exhibition.

Mr. William Heinemann has brought out a sumptuously illustrated edition, in English, of the well-known French art-critic

M. Emile Michel's work on "Great Masters of Landscape-Painting." M. Michel has already given us books on Rembrandt and Rubens, and he writes from a very wide knowledge of European art. "Having frequented the public and private museums and private collections of Europe for many years," he writes, "I have developed the faculty of admiring the most diverse styles." The present work is divided into nine chapters, dealing severally with masters of landscape in Italy, the Flemish and German Schools, the French School in the seventeenth century, Dutch, Spanish, and English landscape-painters, the masters of modern landscape in France, and modern schools. The illustrations, which are admirably reproduced, consist of forty photogravure plates, and 170 others incorporated with the letterpress. In selecting the pictures, M. Michel has aimed at giving not only universally acknowledged masterpieces, but many remarkable works that are less known, more particularly those now in America. In addition to works by Titian, Rubens, Paul Potter, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Turner, Constable, Claude Lorrain, Corot, and Millet, the photogravure plates include pictures by Meindert Hobbema, Antonio Canal, Jacob Ruysdael, Ph. Wouwerman, H. Fragonard, Eugene Delacroix, and Constant Troyon. The whole volume will be a source of delight to all lovers of landscape art.

Regarding the accident to the balloon "Continental No. 1," which occurred on Sunday last at Roydon, near Epping, the Continental Tyre Company wish to point out that it was in no way due to the material, but, through some unforeseen circumstances, the valve at the top of the balloon was entirely pulled out, causing the balloon to descend with such rapidity.



A ROMANCE OF THE STAGE—AND THE STAGE: "TANTALISING TOMMY" ENGAGED TO "THE MAN FROM THE SEA"—AND THE AIR.

Great interest has been aroused by the news of the engagement of Miss Marie Löhr, who, as a change from the usual procedure of popular young actresses, is not marrying a peer, but a member of her own profession, Mr. Robert Loraine. Miss Löhr is at present the leading lady in "Tantalising Tommy," at the Playhouse. She was the youngest Lady Teazle on record when she appeared in "The School for Scandal," at His Majesty's. She has also played Marguerite in "Faust," Cinderella in "Pinkie and the Fairies," and Smith in "Smith." Mr. Loraine's latest part has been that of Jan Redlander in "The Man from the Sea," but of late his triumphs in the air have tended to eclipse those he has achieved on the stage, and there have been rumours of his taking to flight permanently. Miss Löhr has no ambition to fly, having expressed herself as "quite content with the earth."—(Photographs by Ellis and Walery and the Dover Street Studios.)



PRESENTED TO MR. H. C. BUCKINGHAM, SHERIFF-ELECT OF THE CITY OF LONDON, A GOLD CHAIN AND BADGE OF OFFICE.

The shields bear in enamel the arms of the Skinners, Fruiterers, Loriners, and Spectacle Makers' Livery Companies, of Truro, and of Harrow School. The centre link contains the arms of the City of London, and the shield below a view of Old Cripplegate and St. Giles's Church, suspended from which is a cluster of fine diamonds, to which the badge is attached. It bears the arms of the Sheriff-elect. The chain and badge (of 18-carat gold) were designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, London, W.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 26.

THE RISE IN HOME RAILS.

REJOICING at the settlement of the cotton lock-out was dimmed for the Stock Exchange by the manifest reluctance of the public to rush in and buy stock. Prices were hoisted rapidly, and everything was made to look as happy as possible, but still the investment orders came in only slowly. It seems as though there is a prejudice against Home Rails, even at the present tempting prices, for tempting they are, and perhaps not unworthy the attention of the capitalist, large or small. The Companies continue to publish quite good takes, and the economies effected by the various working agreements must be making their influence felt in substantial fashion, so that the dividend estimates for the current half-year may be based with reason upon liberal lines. Speaking broadly, Home Rails now rest on a practically assured 5 per cent. basis—for the time being. Allowing for income tax, this means 4½ per cent. on the money. Now, it is conceivable that prices must go down to a basis of 5 per cent. net return, and this it is which counsels caution in embarking upon Home Railway speculation even yet.

"PORTS."

Were it not for the absence of any free market in London, Portuguese External bonds might become a popular speculative investment, considering the better outlook that the Revolution has opened for the country. The bonds carry 3 per cent. interest, payable on Jan. 1 and July 1, and the total amount outstanding is rather over twenty millions sterling, redeemable by purchase or drawings. Repudiation of the country's obligations would be about the last thing for the Revolutionary party to adopt, considering that one of the first necessities will be a new loan of some sort, from which it is by no means safe to draw the deduction that the price of the current issue will decline. A year or two may be required for the firm establishment of a Republic and Reform, and in the process of this building-up there may come occasional jars to the country's credit and the price of its securities. But Spain has risen superior to her own drawbacks, and, given time, there is no reason why Portugal should not follow suit. The 3 per cent. bonds at 66 pay 4½ per cent. on the money.

INVESTMENT EXPENSES.

One of the minor reasons why Foreign Government Bonds are so much in favour is the very considerable saving in expense as compared with stocks and shares. Brokers charge ¼ per cent., at most, upon the bonds, and there is, of course, no transfer-stamp and fee. A man with a thousand pounds, putting it into Japanese 4½ per cent. Bonds, finds the cost £2 10s. for commission. If he bought Great Westerns with the money, the commission would be £5, and another £5 2s. 6d. for the stamp and fee, altogether £10 2s. 6d. against £2 10s., showing a saving of £7 12s. 6d., equal to 15s. per cent. on the price of the stock. Again, when the time arrives for selling, although there is, of course, no stamp and fee payable by the holder, his broker takes another five for commission, instead of £2 10s., so that altogether the investment in the bonds costs considerably less. We have taken stock as an example, but on shares the expenses are often still more.

ELECTRICITY SUPPLY SHARES.

By slow degrees, the investor has been, and is, working his way round various markets in the Stock Exchange, and the catholicity of his taste is shown by the substantial rises during September in such widely diversified issues as those of Brewery, Tramway, Telegraph and Telephone, and Power undertakings. But, hitherto, he has fought shy of the Electricity Supply Market—at least, so far as the shares of the London Companies are concerned. This neglect is due to some apprehension as to how much farther the metal-filament lamps will eat into profits. Up to a point, the new introductions spell loss, and until now that point has been painfully apparent in the more recent balance-sheets. Once that point is rounded, however, profits will start to roll up at an ever-increasing rate, and, judging by what we happen to know, the time of probation is almost over. The metal-filament lamp, instead of being a terror and a bane, will become the Companies' most profitable servant, and, provided selection be made with care and a little knowledge, Electricity shares are good to lock up for future improvement.

CHARTERED.

Every now and again the tip goes round to buy Chartered. This is one of the occasions. The market in the Stock Exchange has made up its mind that there is going to be a move in Chartered, and it is quite likely that the tip may materialise this time. Chartered can generally be bought for a profit anywhere around thirty shillings, and although they may have to be held for a while, they are pretty safe at this figure. As we write, the price is about this level, and the Rhodesian Market is so dull that its resuscitation is only a matter of time. There are bears about, too, so what with

one thing and another, the Chartered tip may not be a bad one, after all. Of course, it is nothing more nor less than a sheer speculation.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Don't you worry yourself, my son. It will come round to you all in due time."

"What's that? Christmas?" demanded The Jobber, who had just got in.

"No; business in the Kaffir Market," replied The Broker, with unusual amiability. "Most other parts of the House are getting a decent amount of trade, and you'll see it swing round to Kaffirs by-and-by."

"That's the worst of you brokers," complained The Merchant. "It's always 'buy and buy'; never by any chance sell and sell."

"Well, I believe it's right to buy Trunks," declared The Engineer. "What with the rise in Canadian Pacifics and Canadian Northerns, it seems ridiculous to suppose that Trunks won't benefit."

"They've gone up already," The City Editor reminded him.

"Only a bit. As a distinct gamble, and a gamble only, I vote for Trunks."

"Very sporting of you," admired The Engineer. "If Trunks, why not Mex. Rails?"

"Interoceanic Second Preference are going to get their full 4 per cent. dividend next month—or so people say"—and The Broker added the qualifying phrase rather quickly.

"About 74, aren't they?" asked The City Editor.

"Yes; rather lower, as a matter of fact. The dividend is for the full year, and even if it isn't paid for the past twelve months, it will be in the course of a year or so."

"What happened to that thing with the tremendously long name you were talking about, Brokie?"

"The Midland Railway of Western Australia Six per cent. Income Debentures?" suggested The Banker, with the trace of a smile.

"That's the thing. Have they gone up, Brokie?"

"They're going up," was the diplomatic reply, received with much laughter.

"Brokers shouldn't give tips," observed The City Editor.

"I cordially agree with you," was the prompt reply. "Only clients expect you to, so what can one do?"

"Never pander to the demands of the majority against your own settled convictions."

"Brokers must have Special Settlements for their convictions, at irregular intervals," remarked The Engineer.

"And other people get convictions without the Specials," came the calm retort.

"Here, Exchange, put me through to Bow Street," The Jobber telephoned in pantomime. "That you, Inspector? Two convictions, please, one Special and the other—"

"White Seal," said The Merchant. "But to back-pedal. This question of a broker giving tips—"

"There are mighty few of us who can dispense with what everyone of us would be thankful to give up—"

"That's the White Seal," remarked The Jobber with decision.

"Clients want a lead of some sort. We brokers are compelled—unless we have an exceptionally fine investment *clientele*—to give what are practically tips."

"And brokers seldom know anything of the intrinsic merits of the stocks and shares they deal in," The Banker said, with rather cruel candour.

"There again I am obliged to agree," answered the sacrifice upon this altar of criticism.

"But how," he went on, "am I, for instance, to have a really intimate knowledge of the position of the Atchison, the East London, the Pekin Syndicate, the Central Mining, and the Abbontiakoon Companies? Yet I am consulted upon them all, and am expected to give an intelligent reply to queries upon these and a hundred or two other companies."

"Why not specialise?" suggested The Solicitor.

"A good idea in theory; in practice it would spell starvation; because, when interest in your special market dies out, or dwindles, your business does ditto, and you've nothing left to fall back upon."

"Then, if you can't specialise yourself, you must get your information from somebody who does. There are always the jobbers, who are, above all things, specialists."

The two House-men looked at each other, and they both laughed.

"Go ahead, old man; I don't mind," and again The Jobber laughed.

"Well, the truth of the matter is—and you can all see he knows what I'm going to say—"

(Applause from The Jobber.)

"—That jobbers, as a whole, are not only ignorant, but woefully ignorant, of the merits or demerits of the things they deal in."

(Sensation.)

"There are, of course, many honourable exceptions, but the vast majority care only about the 'turns' they can make out of the brokers; and, as for remembering balance-sheets, reports, chairmen's speeches, and the conditions that govern the companies they deal in—"

(Signs of dissent.)

"—Why, they have no more idea of it than they have of the

colour of sounds or how to make a batter-pudding. They're like A. J. He can play a fine game of golf, but when it comes to giving his party a strong lead—"

(The audience at this point got out of hand entirely, and the chairman, after vainly endeavouring to restore order, was understood to say that the Resolution and Vote of Confidence had been carried without a single dissentient voice being heard.)

THE OUTLOOK FOR RUBBER SHARES.

I came across to-day a rubber-share list of April 1, 1909, and noticed that the quotation for Plantation rubber at that time was 5s. 4d. per lb. As that is about the present price, it became interesting to compare the prices of shares then and now: the result is somewhat startling, and I give below a few of the leading quotations.

	April 1, 1909	Oct. 6, 1910
Para (hard fine)	5s. 2½d.	5s. 10d.
Plantation (average sheet) ..	5s. 4d.	5s. 4d.
Batu Caves	£38	£15½
Batu Tiga	23s. 9d.	£48
Bukit Rajah	£57½	£15
Federated Selangor	£44	£14½
Linggi	14s. 0d.	44s.
Selangor	20s. 0d.	£3
United Serdang	37s. 6d.	£5
Vallambrosa	17s. 0d.	38s.

If comparison were made with the highest prices touched this year, the contrast would be still more striking. It will be well for those who constantly read in the financial papers of the great fall in the prices of Rubber shares to bear in mind that, if comparison be made with prices ruling only eighteen months ago, it is the rise and not the fall which is so remarkable. If this be remembered, it will be easier to decide as to whether shares have yet reached a level at which they should be bought. That prices were too low in the spring of 1909 may be granted, and those who read this column regularly will remember that I was insistent in pointing this out; that prices were too high in the spring of this year is equally certain, and there is no doubt a level somewhere between these two extremes at which Rubber shares will again become attractive; but in my opinion that level has not yet been reached. The fact is that the future of all Rubber Plantation Companies has been profoundly modified by the "boom" of the last twelve months, the most lasting effects of which will be the greatly increased area planted with rubber. It is true that a great part of the money poured into the industry will be lost—much of it has been lost already—but still as a result of the new capital invested there must be a tremendous increase in the supply in the next four or five years, and as there must be a tremendous increase in the supply, so there must also, it is to be feared, be a proportionate fall in the price of rubber itself. As I pointed out at the beginning of this year, almost all the new Companies floated were based on a fallacy—namely, that a profit of 2s. a lb. on rubber might be confidently relied on for all time. The absurdity of this hardly needs demonstration. A profit of 2s. a lb. means a profit of at least £40 an acre per annum, whereas there is a practically unlimited supply of land which can be brought into full bearing at a total cost of not more than £50 an acre. Granted that for the next few years satisfactory prices may be relied upon, and large dividends paid by the best Companies, it is most probable that within five or six years at the latest those Companies which are selling their rubber at a profit of 6d. a lb. will be considered fortunate. I could mention many

Companies which will pay handsome dividends even at that price for rubber, but hardly on their present range of prices. Intending purchasers of shares in any Company will do well to work out for themselves (1) the probable dividend to be paid in six years' time with the planted area in full bearing and a profit of 6d. per lb., and (2) multiply this by ten for the present value of the shares, adding something for the larger dividends probable in the next two or three years in the case of the older Companies. Buyers on this basis can hardly go wrong.

P.S.—Canadian Pacifics, I hear, are good for 230 within twelve months.

Oct. 6, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

W. J. C.—We do not understand why, because the Broker has securities of yours in his possession, he should not wish to execute your order. The Rubber Market, outside a few shares, is very tricky, and it may well be that your broker could not get 19s. 9d. Because somebody bought at over 20s., it does not follow that you could sell at your figure. There is sure to be 1s. in such shares between selling and buying price. Advise you to sell without limit, and in future to employ a broker you can trust, and not to give him hard-and-fast limits at middle price.

ENRICO.—If you would lose heavily you had better hold. The Amalgamated are a good investment at present price; the others a gamble, and not a very hopeful one.

DUNOON.—The market here knows nothing of the Mining Company, which is a Yankee concern whose shares have never been dealt in here. The names are enough for us. Write it off as a bad debt.

H. J. W.—The Company is not known on this market. Possibly a Southampton broker might give you information.

JANE.—It would be far better to put your money into some security which can be sold readily, if you ever find it necessary to realise. We cannot see the attraction of little Debenture issues which pay 4½ per cent. and cannot be sold. You can get 5 per cent. with equal security in, say, Chilian Transandine, or City of Pernambuco bonds.

C.S.C.—The rubbers are among the least satisfactory of the late promotions. If you can sell, do so, even at a loss.

BRIDGET.—The shares would not be to our liking.

H. P.—The grade of ore is low. The life is, we believe, from 15 to 20 years on a basis of 220 stamps.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think Bronzino will win the Cesarewitch, and Chestnut should be placed. Other selections for Newmarket are: Second October Nursery, News; Cheveley Stakes, Lindoiya; Autumn Handicap, Thalia; Challenge Stakes, Yellow Slave; Ditch Mile Nursery, Desmine; Exning Handicap, Well Done; Middle Park Plate, Pietri. At Lingfield I like these: Pheasant Handicap, Shampoo; October Nursery, Pietist; Non-Stayers' Plate, Foxcote; Westerham Welter, Waveland.

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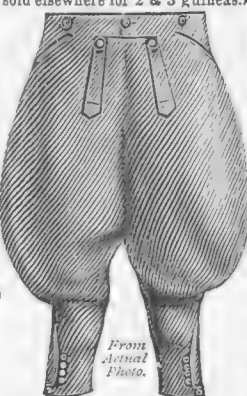
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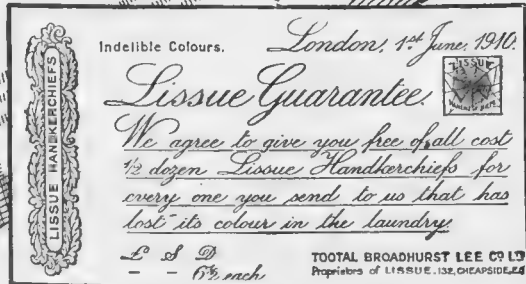
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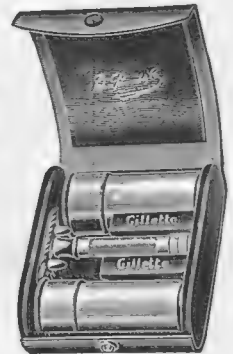
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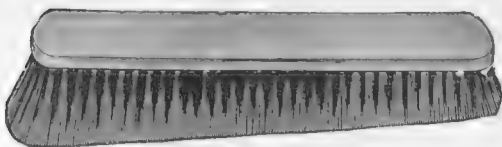
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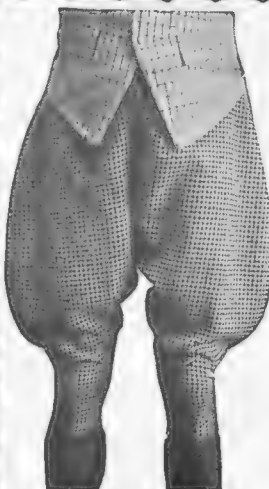
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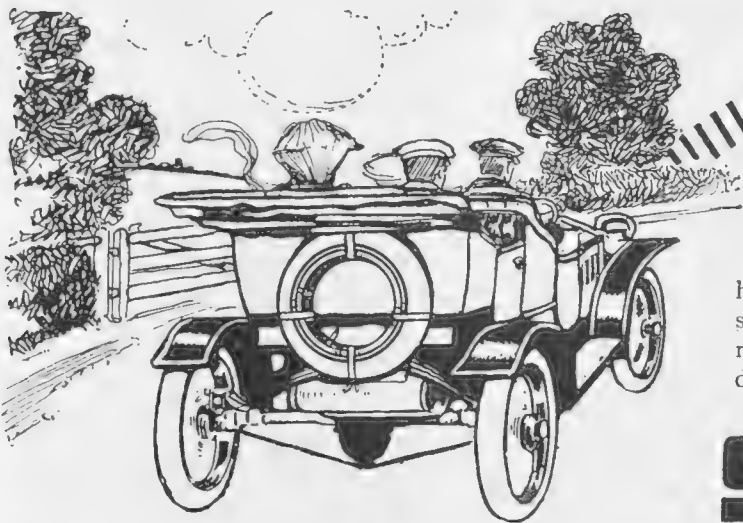
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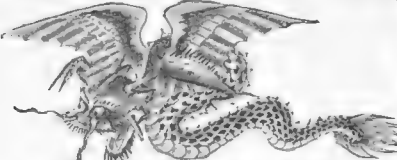
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

The New 20-h.p. and 15-h.p. Adler Cars.

The Adler cars—which, since they were put upon the British market by Messrs. Morgan and Co., of 127, Long Acre, and 10, Old Bond Street, W., have attained a great reputation in this country—are to be represented by two new types at the forthcoming Olympia Show. The 20-h.p. has a channel-steel frame of unusually strong design, the side members being stiffened where the frame narrows for good steering-lock, and greatly strengthened at the rear angles by angle-pieces, which form the spring-brackets. The cross-members are four in number, of very stout section. In the matter of the crank-chamber, clutch-case, and gear-box, these are bolted together to form the power unit, which is carried from the under-flanges of the frame. In the design of the engine itself a departure from the usual Adler practice is made, inasmuch as the inlet-valves are placed in the crowns of the valve-chambers directly over the exhaust-valves, and are operated by adjustable rocking tappets, actuated in their turn from the cam-shaft by vertical tappet-rods, which pass upwards through guides formed between each pair of cylinders. By this means, both inlet and exhaust valves are of much larger diameter than could be the case were they set side by side, as before.

Thoughtful Valve-Design.

Further, the valve-chamber pocket content is reduced by more than half, while it has been possible considerably to reduce the lift of the valves, a fact that makes particularly and obviously for quiet running, a feature which has always been a characteristic of the Adler engines. Also, the possibility of the pitting or burning of the exhaust-valve is greatly reduced, for the reason that the mixture from the carburetter impinges directly upon the mushroom head of the exhaust-valve. Both inlet and exhaust tappets are provided with damper-springs further to reduce noise. The cylinders are cast in pairs, and are, with the valve-chambers, heavily water-jacketed. The pistons and connecting-rods have been kept as light as possible. The crank-shaft, which is of chrome nickel steel and of large diameter, runs in three long bearings carried by the upper part of the crank-chamber. The lower portion forms an oil-sump, from which oil is pumped to the crank-shaft bearings.

Two Independent Ignitions.

The cylinders are fired from a high-tension magneto set across the engine on the right-hand side and driven by skew-gearing off the distribution-gear. The skew-gear-driven shaft is continued across to the left side of the engine, where it operates the water-pump.

An independent accumulator-fed system of ignition is also provided, the commutator and contact-breaker of this system being operated by an upward continuation of the oil-pump spindle. The engine obtains its mixture from a well-designed float-feed carburetter. The main supply of air passes upwards through a choke-tube surrounding the jet, and additional air is admitted in obedience to the engine's requirements through a sensitive automatic valve. Both air-supplies pass through fine gauze filters before passing to the jet-chamber. The passage of the mixture to the engine is controlled by a butterfly throttle, operated by a pedal and a lever on the steering-wheel. The drive is through an easily operated aluminium leather-faced clutch to a three-speed gear-box of splendid design, and thence by propeller-shaft to the back axle. The Adler cars were awarded two Prix d'Honneur at the Brussels Exhibition.

Delaunays in Pall Mall.

Owing to the rapid growth of the British market for automobiles, that great firm of French engineers, Messrs. Delaunay, Belleville, have now taken steps to secure direct representation in Great Britain and Ireland. Handsome and spacious show-rooms have been secured at 49, Pall Mall, nearly opposite the magnificent façade of the Royal Automobile Club, now nearing completion. This fine *pièce-à-terre*—I refer to the Delaunay establishment, not the Club—will be under the direction of Mr. Mays-Smith, whose name has been associated with Delaunay-Belleville cars ever since their introduction into this country. Full provision has been made for the overhaul and repair of Delaunay-Belleville cars, and for carriage works, a specially selected staff of expert Delaunay-Belleville mechanics being retained. Owners of Delaunay-Belleville cars in this country are earnestly requested to avail themselves of the services of the personnel, irrespective of the source from which they obtained their cars.

Inconsiderate Driving.

It would be well if the Royal Automobile Club would make some pronouncement as to the work of its Inconsiderate-Driving Committee. At the moment there is much plaint in the motor papers of the selfish manner in which many drivers hold the centre of the road when meeting other vehicles. It was said that the representative bodies would proceed against these most objectionable people. And yet I cannot recall a single case of the kind. Why? I am told that such objectionable driving does not obtain abroad, and that Frenchmen, with all their reputation for reckless motoring, are most punctilious in giving an oncoming motor-car all its proper share of the road.



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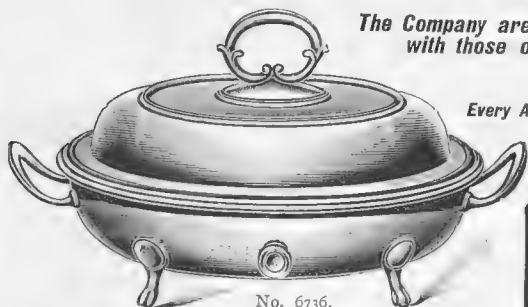
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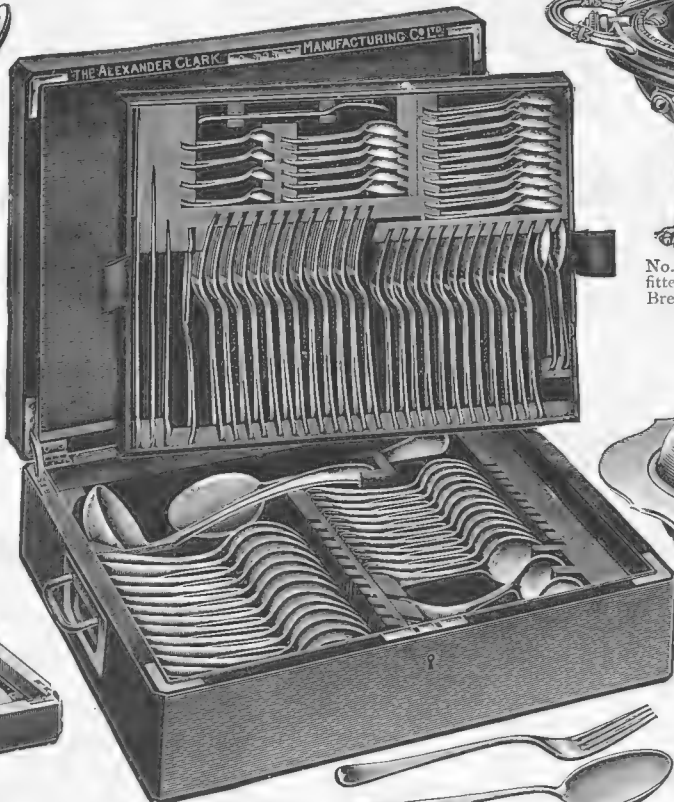


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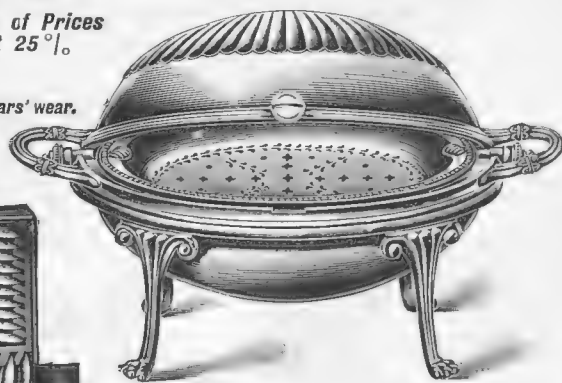
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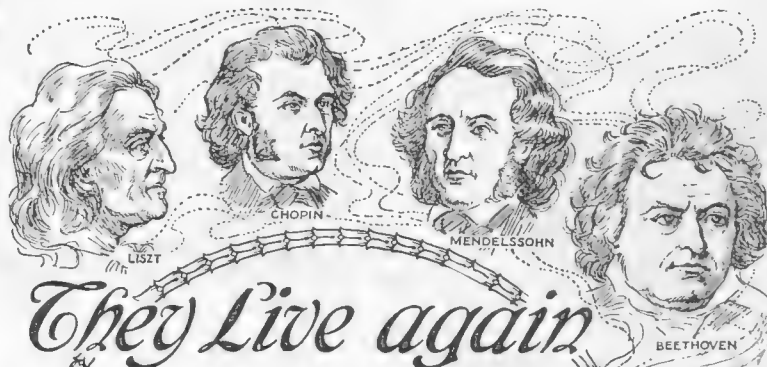
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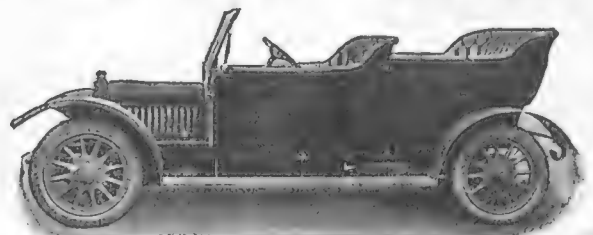
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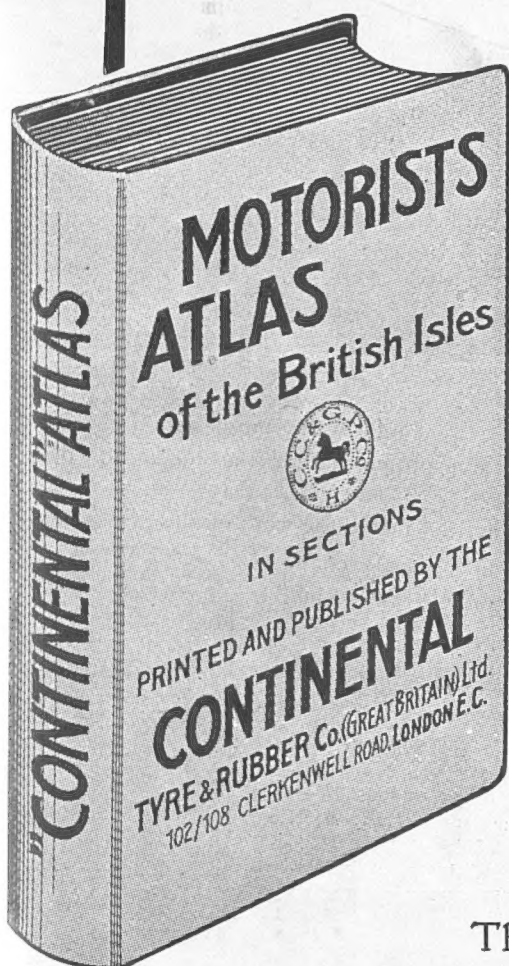
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(Constable.)

There are very few pages in Miss Sinclair's book on which the word "genius" does not occur. There are very few of the creations among her "Creators" who are not accredited with it. They are all novelists—with one "unlicked Celtic" poet whose regard, as one of the novelists expresses it, is "like being exposed to the everlasting stare of God." They all take themselves with incredible seriousness, and get hopelessly mixed in their own love affairs. The muddle is intensified by a preponderance of the feminine—for genius appears to be as unfair in the distribution of sex as the census itself. Three women geniuses are, therefore, called to worship at one shrine, and the artistic temperament does nothing by halves. But passion is never allowed to interfere with the interminable discussions which take place round the subject of their genius. Deeply concerned with life, they know themselves outcasts from it. Virginity was the indispensable condition, surrender, the supreme law; the Lord their God was a consuming fire. This does not prevent their marriage—mostly to the wrong people, nor an occasional baby, nor an appeal to some powerful editor. But the talk goes on in which poverty poses as a guardian-angel, celebrity a bugbear, and popularity—damnation. During the story's progress the reader is permitted to attend the making of a

great work. Jane Holland, the finest psychologist of her day, being forlorn for love, stays in town over the silly season. It was then she saw "Hambleby." "He rose, with the oddest irrelevance, out of the unfathomable peace." She saw him, a little suburban banker's clerk, "all pink and blond and callow with excessive youth . . . his blond and callow soul . . . the Girl he inevitably would have . . . the Innocence, Marriage, Torture, and final indestructible Decency of Hambleby." He lived in her for weeks, stirring a delicate excitement in her brain and a slight fever in her blood, as if she were falling in love with him. This "virgin ecstasy of vision, this beatitude that comes before the labour of creation" result in Hambleby, "so alive and so possessed with the furious impulse to be born," that Jane has nothing left to do but watch him kicking. When the creation of Hambleby has moved through a procession of superb chapters, we learn from Jane's triumphant lips that she had never seen a bank-clerk "except in Banks and Tubes and places." Names—one hesitates, after so much converse with "genius," to say "great" names—of other "creators" occur to the impressed reader. Did Dickens and Thackeray, the Brontës, Balzac, or Flaubert really work like this? Did they really talk like this? One thinks not. But Miss Sinclair has an art of delicate writing, and she makes it readable, if not believable—this world so quaintly composed of Olympus, the Quartier Latin, and the Lyceum Club.

THE CIGARETTE DANGER.

It is known that Turkish Cigarettes are mostly made from tobacco blended with Suluk, which is impregnated with opium, and consequently the head and the throat suffer considerable irritation owing to this drug. An eminent firm now guarantee their Turkish Cigarettes, which HAVE BEEN AWARDED SEVEN MEDALS IN LONDON, to be entirely free from Suluk, and offer 100 of their No. 3 Turkish de luxe (equivalent in value to 8/-) for 6/-. Arrangements have been made with all the leading Tobacconists to stock this brand also in boxes of 25 and 50 at 1/6 and 3/- respectively, so as to meet the convenience of all.

The name of Messrs. Poulides and Co., 36, Goring Street, Bevis Marks, London, should be a guarantee of good faith, and an innovation of this kind should meet with unqualified success. A postal order for 6/- addressed direct to this firm will ensure the free dispatch of 100 Poulides' No. 3 Turkish de luxe Cigarettes by return, in the event of the local tobacconists being out of stock.

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Softens the bristles and so makes the work of the razor easy.

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Once fitted, always fitted

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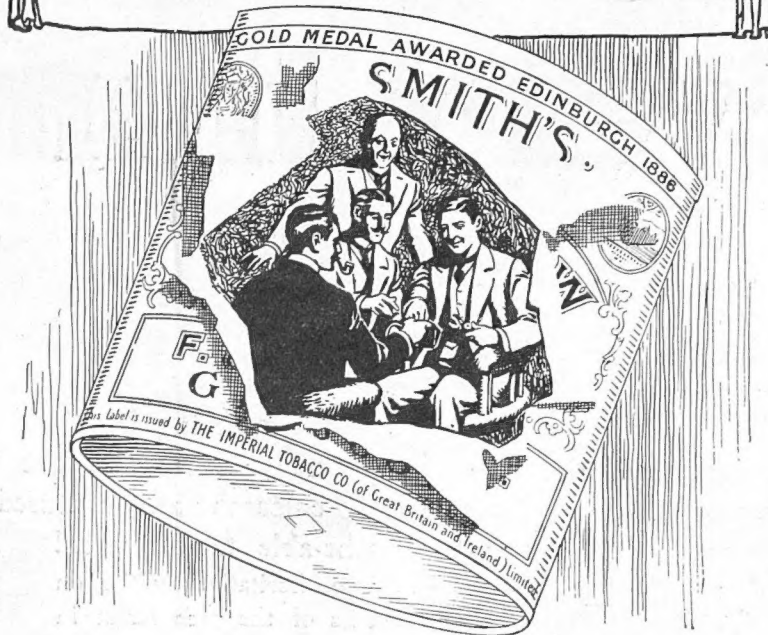
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Disorders can be Cured
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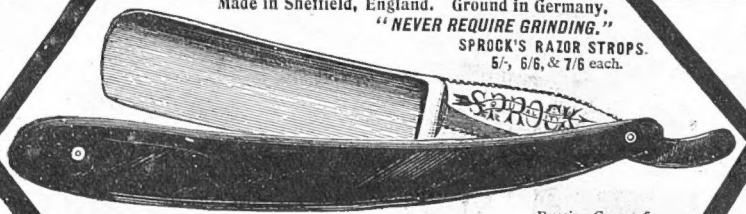


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For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

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FOR THE TEETH AND GUMS.

Celebrated for its beneficial effects on
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25 MEDALS AWARDED for EXCELLENCE

Established over 70 years, its reputation
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"A Pine Forest in Every Home"

RARE BALSAMS COMPRESSED INTO A WONDERFUL TABLET FOR COUGHS & COLDS.

THE great mass of people cannot get away, when suffering from the effect of colds, to breathe the rich essences of the pine woods; but by a recent discovery of science these essences and balsams are captured for them, and by the use of certain compact, breathe-able tablets called Peps, we may (writes the late Dr. Gordon Stables in his authoritative treatise on Coughs and Colds) obtain literally the benefits of the pine forest in our own home and even our bedrooms.

Endorsed

by Doctors.

The tablet, first taken from the silver wrapping in which it is sealed and preserved, is simply dissolved on the tongue, when certain healing fumes are given off and carried with the air we breathe right down into the throat and lungs direct. Dr. Gordon Stables, describing this new remedy, says that to him, as a medical man, its value is two-fold. First, it completely allays irritation and tickling inseparable from coughs, colds, and bronchitis—in other words, allays the sub-acute inflammation of the lining membrane of air-pipes and lungs—and secondly, it kills and destroys the germs of disease itself.

Not only is new trouble arrested, but these Peps tablets, by destroying the germs, root out disease that has been settled on the throat and chest maybe for years, and all the delicate passages between the mouth and the lungs are bathed in an invigorating vapour and thereby strengthened and enabled the better to resist the strain of sudden changes in the weather.

Supersedes

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Cough-Mixtures.

How different this new principle to the old treatment by liquid cough mixtures, which not only miss the lungs by being swallowed directly into the stomach, but weaken and paralyse the nerves because of the opium, laudanum, and other poisons with which these so-called "cough-cures" are often laden.

The good little fairy that comes in the form of a Peps tablet has the effect of clearing and strengthening the throat, bronchi, and lungs, and of dispelling all irritation and of affording to young and old an invaluable protection on the arrival of the changeable days of autumn and the piercing cold of winter.

Peps are a boon to the aged because they contain no opium nor any harmful drug; and a few tablets enclosed in their neat silver jacket can easily be carried about in purse or pocket. A handy box of Peps virtually means "A PINE FOREST IN EVERY HOME."

Peps

Peps provide a natural cure for coughs, colds, sore or relaxed throat, bronchitis, weak chest, hoarseness, wheeziness, loss of voice, old-age cough, night coughs, children's coughs and colds, croup, influenza colds, and other throat and chest ailments. Of all Chemists and Stores.

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